

POEMS  
ON  
Several Occasions.

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BY  
Mr. *Pomfret*, Deceas'd,  
AUTHOR of the *CHOICE*.

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The Third Edition with Additions.

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POEMS

Secretly Obscure



• AUTHOR of the CHOICE.

THE BUREAU OF THE ARMY

[illegible]

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T H E

# P R E F A C E.

**I**T will be to little Purpose, the Author presumes, to offer any Reasons, why the following Poems appear in Publick; for 'tis ten to one whether he gives the true; and if he does, 'tis much greater odds whether the Gentle Reader is so courteous to believe him. He cou'd tell the World, according to the laudable Custom of Prefaces, that it was thro' the Irresistible Importunity of Friends, or some other Excuse of Ancient Renown, that he ventur'd 'em to the Press; but he thought it much better to leave every Man to guess for himself, and then he would be sure to satisfy himself. For let what will be pretended, People are grown so very apt to fancy, they are always in the Right, unless it hit their Humour, 'tis immediately condemned for a Sham and Hypocrisie. In short, that which wants an Excuse for being in Print, ought not to have been Printed at all; but whether the ensuing Poems deserve to stand in that Class, the World must have leave to determine. What Fault the true Judgment of the Gentleman may find out, 'tis to be hop'd his Candour and good Humour will easily pardon; but those which the Peevishness and Ill-nature of the Critick may discover, must expect to be unmercifully us'd; tho' methinks it is a very preposterous Pleasure to scratch other Persons till the Blood comes, and then Laugh at, and Ridicule them.

Some

## The P R E F A C E.

Some Persons perhaps may wonder, how a thing of this Nature dare come into the World without the Protection of some Great Name, as they call it, and a fulsome Epistle Dedicatory to his Grace, or Right Honourable: For if a Poem struts out under my Lord's Patronage the Author imagines 'tis no less than Scandalum Magnatum to dislike it; especially if he thinks fit to tell the World that this same Lord is a Person of wonderful Wit and Understanding, a Notable Judge of Poetry, and a very considerable Poet himself. But if a Poem have no Intrinsic Excellencies, and Real Beauties the Greatest Name in the World will never induce a Man of Sense to approve it; and if it has them, Tom Piper's is as good as my Lord Duke's; the only Difference is, Tom claps half an Ounce of Snuff into the Poet's Hand, and his Grace Twenty Guineas: For indeed there lies the Strength of a Great Name, and the best Protection an Author can receive from it.

To please every one would be a new thing, and to write so as to please no body would be as new; for even Quarles and Withers have their Admirers. The Author is not so fond of Fame, to desire it from the Injudicious Many; nor of so mortified a Temper not to wish it from the discerning Few. 'Tis not the Multitude of Applauses, but the good Sense of the Applauders, which establishes a valuable Reputation: And if a Rymer or a Congreve say 'tis well; he will not be at all solicitous how great the Majority may be to the contrary.

T H E

( 1 )  
THE

# CHOICE.

**I**F Heav'n the Grateful Liberty wou'd give,  
That I might Chuse my Method how to Live :  
And all those Hours, propitious Fate should lend,  
In blisful Ease, and Satisfaction spend.

Near some fair Town, I'd have a private Seat,  
Built Uniform, not Little, nor too Great :  
Better, if on a Rising Ground it stood ;  
Fields on this side, on that a Neighbouring Wood,  
It shou'd within no other Things contain,  
But what were Useful, Necessary, Plain :  
Methinks 'tis Nauseous, and I'd ne'er endure  
The needless Pomp of Gaudy Furniture:  
A little Garden, Grateful to the Eye,  
And a Cool Rivulet run murm'ring by :

On whose delicious Banks a stately Row  
 Of Shady Limes, or Sycamores should grow.  
 At th' End of which a silent Study plac'd,  
 Shou'd be with all the Noblest Authors Grac'd.  
*Horace*, and *Virgil*, in whose Mighty Lines  
 Immortal Wit, and Solid Learning shines.  
 Sharp *Juvenal*, and Am'rous *Ovid* too,  
 Who all the Turns of Loves soft Passion knew;  
 He that with Judgment reads his charming Lines,  
 In which strong Art, with stronger Nature joyns,  
 Must grant his Fancy does the best Excel :  
 His Thoughts so tender and exprest so well.  
 With all those Moderns, Men of steady Sense,  
 Esteem'd for Learning, and for Eloquence.  
 In some of these, as Fancy shou'd Advise,  
 I'd always take my Morning Exercise :  
 For sure no Minutes bring us more Content,  
 Than those in Pleasing, Useful Studies spent.

I'd have a Clear, and Competent Estate,  
 That I might Live Gentilely, but not Great.



As much as I cou'd moderately spend,  
A little more, sometimes t'Oblige a Friend.  
Nor shou'd the Sons of Poverty Repine  
Too much at Fortune, they shou'd Taste of mine;  
And all that Objects of true Pitty were,  
Shou'd be Reliev'd with what my Wants cou'd spare.  
For that, our Maker has too largely giv'n,  
Shou'd be return'd, in Gratitude, to Heav'n.  
A frugal Plenty shou'd my Table spread;  
With Healthy, not Luxurious Dishes Fed:  
Enough to Satisfy, and something more  
To Feed the Stranger, and the Neighb'ring Poor.  
Strong Meat indulges Vice, and Pamp'ring Food  
Creates Diseases, and inflames the Blood.  
But what's sufficient to make Nature strong  
And the bright Lamp of Life continue long,  
I'd freely take, and as I did Possess,  
The Bounteous Author of my Plenty Bless.

I'd have a little Vault, but always stor'd  
With the Best Wines, each Vintage cou'd afford.

Wine whets the Wit, improves its Native force,  
 And gives a pleasant Flavour to Discourse:  
 By making all our Spirits Debonair,  
 Throws off the Lees, the Sediment of Care.  
 But as the greatest Blessing, Heaven lends,  
 May be Debauch'd, and serve Ignoble Ends:  
 So, but too oft, the Grapes refreshing Juice  
 Does many Mischievous Effects produce,  
 My House shou'd no such rude Disorders know,  
 As from high Drinking consequently flow.  
 Nor wou'd I use, what was so kindly giv'n,  
 To the Dishonour of Indulgent Heav'n.  
 If any Neighbour came, he shou'd be Free,  
 Us'd with respect, and not uneasy be,  
 In my Retreat, or to himself, or me.  
 What Freedom, Prudence, and right Reason give,  
 All Men may with Impunity receive:  
 But the least swerving from their Rule's too much:  
 For what's forbidden us, 'tis Death to touch.

That Life might be more Comfortable yet,  
 And all my Joys Refin'd, Sincere, and Great;

I'd Chuse two Friends, whose Company wou'd be  
A great Advance to my Felicity.

Well Born, of Humours suited to my own;  
Discreet, and Men, as well as Books, have known.

Brave, Gen'rous, Witty, and exactly Free  
From loose Behaviour, or Formality.

Airy, and Prudent, Merry, but not Light;  
Quick in Discerning, and in Judging right.

Secret they shou'd be, Faithful to their Trust;

In Reas'ning Cool, Strong, Temperate, and Just,  
Obliging, Open, without Huffling Brave,

Brisk in Gay Talking, and in Sober, Grave.

Close in Dispute, but not Tenacious, try'd  
By Solid Reason, and let that Decide.

Not prone to Lust, Revenge, or Envious Hate:

Nor busy Medlers with Intrigues of State.

Strangers to Slander, and sworn Foes to Spight:

Not Quarrellsom, but Stout enough to Fight.

Loyal, and Pious, Friends to *Cesar*, true,

As Dying Martyrs, to their Maker too,

In their Society, I cou'd not miss

A Permanent, Sincere, Substantial Bliss.

[choofe,  
 Wou'd Bounteous Heav'n once more Indulge, I'd  
 (For who wou'd fo much Satisfaction loofe,  
 As witty Nymphs, in Converfation, give,)  
 Near fome Obliging, Modest Fair to live ;  
 For there's that Sweetnefs in a Female Mind,  
 Which in a Man's we cannot hope to find :  
 That by a Secret, but a Pow'rful Art,  
 Winds up the Springs of Life, and does impart  
 Fresh Vital Heat to the Transported Heart.

I'd have her Reason all her Paſſions ſway ;  
 Eaſy in Company, in Private Gay :  
 Coy to a Fop, to the Deſerving Free,  
 Still Conſtant to her ſelf, and Juſt to me.  
 A Soul ſhe ſhou'd have, for Great Actions fit ;  
 Prudence, and Wiſdom to direct her Wit :  
 Courage to look bold Danger in the Face,  
 No Fear, but only to be Proud, or Baſe :  
 Quick to Advife, by an Emergence preſt,  
 To give good Counſel, or to take the beſt.



I'd have th' Expression of her Thoughts be such,  
She might not seem Reserv'd, nor talk too much;  
That shews a want of Judgment and of Sense:  
More than Enough is but Impertinence.  
Her Conduct Regular, her Mirth Refin'd,  
Civil to Strangers, to her Neighbours kind.  
Averse to Vanity, Revenge, and Pride,  
In all the Methods of Deceit untry'd.  
So Faithful to her Friend, and Good to all,  
No Censure might upon her Actions fall:  
Then wou'd e'en Envy be compell'd to say,  
She goes the least of Woman-kind Astray.

To this Fair Creature I'd sometimes Retire;  
Her Conversation wou'd new Joys inspire;  
Give Life an Edge so keen, no surlly Care  
Would venture to Assault my Soul, or dare  
Near my Retreat to hide one secret Snare.  
But so Divine, so Noble a Repast  
I'd seldom, and with Moderation, taste.  
For Highest Cordials all their Virtue loose,  
By a too frequent, and too bold an Use:

And what wou'd Cheer the Spirits in Distress;  
Ruines our Health, when taken to Excess.

I'd be concern'd in no Litigious Jar,  
Belov'd by all, not vainly Popular,  
Whate'er Assistance I had Pow'r to bring  
T'Oblige my Country, or to Serve my King,  
When e'er they Call'd, I'd readily afford  
My Tongue, my Pen, my Counsel, or my Sword,  
Law Suits I'd shun, with as much studious Care,  
As I wou'd Dens where hungry Lyons are:  
And rather put up Injuries; than be  
A Plague to him who'd be a Plague to me.  
I value Quiet at a Price too great,  
To give for my Revenge so dear a Rate:  
For what do we, by all our Bustle, gain,  
But Counterfeit Delight, for real Pain?

If Heav'n a Date of many Years wou'd give,  
Thus I'd in Pleasure, Ease, and Plenty live.  
And as I near approach'd the Verge of Life,  
Some kind Relation, (for I'd have no Wife)

Shou'd

Shou'd take upon him all my Worldly Care,  
While I did for a better State prepare.  
Then I'd not be with any Trouble vex'd ;  
Nor have the Ev'ning of my days perplex'd.  
But by a silent, and a peaceful Death.  
Without a Sigh, resign my Aged Breath :  
And when committed to the Dust, I'd have  
Few Tears, but Friendly, dropt into my Grave.  
Then wou'd my Exit so propitious be ;  
All Men wou'd wish to Live, and Dye like me.

---

LOVE

# LOVE

Triumphant Over

# REASON.

**T**Ho' Gloomy Thoughts disturb'd my Anxious [Breast  
All the long Night, and drove away my Rest;  
Just as the Dawning Day began to rise,  
A grateful Slumber clos'd my Waking Eyes;  
But active Fancy to strange Regions flew,  
And brought Surprizing Objects to my View,

Methought I walk'd in a Delightful Grove,  
The soft Retreat of Gods, when Gods made Love.  
Each Beauteous Object my Charm'd Soul amaz'd,  
And I on Each with equal Wonder gaz'd;

Nor



Nor knew which most Delighted, all was Fine,  
The Noble Product of some Pow'r Divine.  
But as I travers'd the Obliging Shade,  
Which Myrtle, Jessamin, and Roses made,  
I saw a Person, whose Celestial Face  
At first declar'd Her Goddess of the Place ;  
But I discover'd, when approaching near,  
An Aspect full of Beauty, but Severe :  
Bold, and Majestic, ev'ry awful Look  
Into my Soul a Secret Terrour struck.  
Advancing farther on, She made a stand,  
And beckon'd me, I kneeling, Kifs'd her Hand :  
Then thus began---Bright Deity ! for so  
You are, no Mortal such Perfections know ;  
I may Intrude, but how I was Convey'd  
To this strange Place, or by what Pow'rful Aid.  
I'm wholly Ignorant, nor know I more,  
Or where I am, or whom I do Adore,  
Instruct me then, that I no longer may  
In Darkness Serve the Goddess I Obey.

Youth,

Youth, she reply'd, this Place belongs to One,  
 By whom you'll be, and Thousands are Undone.  
 These pleasant Walks, and all these Shady Bow'rs  
 Are in the Government of Dangerous Pow'rs.  
 Love's the Capricious Master of this Coast,  
 This fatal Labyrinth, where Fools are lost.  
 I dwell not here amidst these Gaudy Things.  
 Whose short Enjoyment no true Pleasure brings.  
 But have an Empire of a Nobler Kind,  
 My Regal Seat's in the Celestial Mind;  
 Where with a Godlike, and a Peaceful Hand  
 I Rule, and make those Happy I Command.  
 For while I Govern, all within's at Rest.  
 No Stormy Passion Revels in the Brest;  
 But when my Pow'r is Despicable grown,  
 And Rebel Appetites Usurp my Throne,  
 The Soul no longer quiet Thoughts enjoys;  
 But all is Tumult, and Eternal Noise.  
 Know Youth! I'm Reason, which you've oft despis'd,  
 I am that Reason, which you never Priz'd:

And

And tho' my Arguments Successless prove,  
(For Reason seems Impertinence in Love.)  
Yet I'll not see my Charge, for all Mankind  
Are to my Guardianship by Heav'n assign'd,  
Into the Grasp of any Ruin run,  
That I can Warn 'em of, and they may shun.  
Fly Youth these Guilty Shades, retreat in time  
E'er your Mistake's converted to a Crime;  
For Ignorance no longer can atone,  
When once the Error, and the Fault is known.  
You thought perhaps, as Giddy Youth inclines,  
Imprudently to value all that Shines,  
In these Retirements freely to Possess  
True Joy, and strong substantial Happiness.  
But here Gay Folly keeps her Courts, and here  
In Crouds her Tributary Fops appear;  
Who blindly Lavish of their Golden Days,  
Consume them all in her Fallacious Ways.  
Pert Love with her, by joint Commission Rules  
In this Capacious Realm of Idle Fools;  
Who by false Arts, and Popular Deceits,  
The Careless, Fond, Unthinking Mortal Cheats.

'Tis

'Tis Easy to descend into the Snare,  
By the pernicious Conduct of the Fair ;  
But Safely to return from this Abode  
Requires the Wit, the Prudence of a God ;  
Tho' you, who have not tasted that Delight,  
Which only at a Distance charms your Sight ;  
May with a little Toil retrieve your Heart,  
Which Lost, is Subject to eternal Smart.  
Bright *Delia's* Beauty, I must needs confess,  
Is truly Great, nor would I make it less:  
That were to Wrong Her where She Merits most,  
But Dragons guard the Fruit, and Rocks the Coast.  
And who would run, that's moderately Wise,  
A Certain Danger for a Doubtful Prize ?  
If you miscarry, you are Lost so far,  
(For there's no erring Twice in Love, and War)  
You'll ne'er recover, but must always Wear  
Those Chains, you'll find it Difficult to bear.  
*Delia* has Charms, I own, such Charms wou'd move  
Old Age, and frozen Impotence to Love ;  
But do not Venture where such Danger lies,  
Avoid the Sight of those Victorious Eyes,

Whose



Whose pois'nous Rays do to the Soul impart  
Delicious Ruine, and a pleasing Smart.  
You draw, Insensibly, Destruction near,  
And Love the Danger, which you ought to fear.  
If the Light Pains, you labour under Now  
Destroy your Ease, and make your Spirits Bow ;  
You'l find 'em much more grievous to be born,  
When Heavier made by an Imperious Scorn.  
Nor can you hope, She will your Passion hear  
With Softer Notions, or a kinder Ear,  
Than those of Other Swains, who always found,  
She rather Widen'd, than Clos'd up the Wound.  
But grant she shou'd indulge your Flame, and give  
Whate'er you'd Ask, nay all you can Receive ;  
The Short-liv'd Pleasure wou'd so quickly Cloy,  
Bring such a Weak, and such a Feeble Joy,  
You'd have but small Encouragement to Boast  
The Tinsel Rapture Worth the Pains it Cost.  
Consider *Strephon* Soberly of things,  
What *Strange* Inquietudes Love always Brings,  
The Foolish Fears, Vain Hopes, and Jealousies,  
Which still attend upon this Fond Disease:

How

How you must Cringe and Bow, Submit and Whine;  
 Call ev'ry Feature, ev'ry Look, Divine;  
 Commend each Sentence with an humble Smile,  
 Tho' Non-Sense, Swear it is a heav'nly Style.  
 Servilely Rail at all She disapproves;  
 And as Ignobly, Flatter all She Loves.  
 Renounce your very Sense, and silent Sit,  
 While she puts off Impertinence for Wit,  
 Like Setting Dog new Whip'd for Springing Game,  
 You must be made by Due Correction Tame:  
 But if you can endure the Nauseous Rule  
 Of Woman, do, Love on, and be a Fool.  
 You know the Danger, your own Methods Use,  
 The Good, or Evil's in your pow'r to Chuse;  
 But who'd expect a Short, and Dubious Bliss  
 On the Declining of a Precipice:  
 Where if he Slips, not Fate it self can Save  
 The falling Wretch from an Untimely Grave.

Thou Great Directrix of our Minds, Said I,  
 We Safely on your Dictates may rely:

And that which you have now so Kindly Prefs  
Is True, and without Contradiction Best;  
But with a Steady Sentence to controul  
The Heat, and Vigor of a Youthful Soul,  
While Gay Temptations hover in our Sight,  
And daily bring New Objects of Delight,  
Which on us with Surprizing Beauty Smile,  
Is Difficult, but 'tis a Noble Toyl.  
The Best may Slip, and the most Cautious fall,  
He's more than Mortal that ne'er Err'd at all:  
And, tho' fair *Delia* has my Soul possess'd  
I'll Chase her bright *Idea* from my Breast.  
At Least I'll make one Essay, if I fail,  
And *Delia's* Charms o'er Reason does prevail,  
I may be sure from Rigid Censures free,  
Love was my Foe, and Love's a Deity.

Then She rejoyn'd, may you Successful prove  
In your Attempt to curb Imperious Love,  
Then will Proud Passion own her Rightful Lord,  
You to your self, I to my Throne restor'd;  
But to confirm your Courage, and inspire  
Your Resolution with a bolder Fire,

Follow me Youth ! I'll show you that shall move  
Your Soul to Curse the Tyranny of Love.

Then she convey'd me to a Dismal Shade,  
Which Melancholy Yew, and Cyprus made;  
Where I beheld an Antiquated Pile  
Of rugged Building in a Narrow Isle;  
The Water round it gave a Nauseous Smell,  
Like Vapours Steeming from a Sulphureous Cell.  
The Ruin'd Wall compos'd of Stinking Mud,  
O'er grown with Hemlock, on Supporters Stood;  
As did the Roof, ungrateful to the View  
'Twas both an Hospital, and Bedlam too.  
Before the Entrance mould'ring bones were Spread  
Some Skellitons Intire, some lately dead,  
A little Rubbish loosely Scatter'd o'er  
Their Bodies, uninterr'd lay round the Door.  
No Fun'ral Rites to any here were paid,  
But Dead like Dogs into the Dust convey'd.  
From Hence, by Reason's Conduct, I was brought  
Thro' various turnings to a Spacious Vaut,

Where



Where I beheld, and 'twas a Mournful Sight,  
Vast Crouds of Wretches, all debarr'd from Light.  
But what a few dim Lamps expiring had,  
Which made the Prospect more amazing Sad ;  
Some Wept, Some Rav'd, Some Musically Mad.  
Some Swearing Loud, and Others Laughing ; Some  
Were always Talking, Others always Dumb.  
Here One, a Dagger in his Breast, expires,  
And quenches with his Blood his Am'rous fires :  
There Hangs a Second, and not far Remov'd,  
A Third lies poison'd, Who False *Celia* Lov'd.  
All Sorts of Madness, Ev'ry Kind of Death,  
By which Unhappy Mortals lose their Breath,  
Was there expos'd before my Wondring Eyes,  
The sad Effect of Female Treacheries.  
Others I Saw, which were not quite bereft  
Of Sense, tho' very Small Remains were left.  
Cursing the fatal Folly of their Youth,  
For trusting to Perjurious Womans Truth,  
These on the Left. Upon the Right a View  
Of Equal Horrour, equal Mis'ry too,

Amazing all employ'd my troubl'd thought,  
 And with New Wonder, New Aversion brought.  
 There I beheld a Wretched num'rous Throng  
 Of Pale Lean Mortals, some lay Stretch'd along  
 On Beds of Straw, Disconsolate and Poor,  
 Others extended Naked on the Floor :  
 Exil'd from Humane Pity, here they lie  
 And Know no End of Mis'ry till they Die :  
 But Death which comes in Gay, and Prosperous Days  
 Too Soon, in times of Misery Delays.

These Dreadful Spectacles had so much Pow'r,  
 I Vow'd, and Solemnly, to Love No more :  
 For sure that Flame is Kindled from Below,  
 Which breed such Sad variety of Woe.

Then we descending by some few Degrees  
 From this Stupendious Scene of Miseries ;  
 Bold Reason brought me to another Cave  
 Dark as the Inmost Chambers of the Grave.  
 Here Youth She cry'd, in the Acutest Pain  
 Those Villains lie, who have their Fathers Slain.

Stab

Stab'd their own Brothers, nay their Friends, to please  
Ambitious, Proud, Revengeful Mistresses;  
Who after all their Services, preferr'd  
Some Rugged Fellow of the Brawny Herd,  
Before these Wretches, who despairing dwell  
In Agonies no Humane Tongue can tell.  
Darkness prevents the too Amazing Sight,  
And you may bless the Happy Want of Light.  
But my tormented Ears were fill'd with Sighs,  
Expiring Groans, and lamentable Cries,  
So very Sad I could endure no more,  
Methought I felt the Miseries they bore.

Then to my Guide said I, for pitty now  
Conduct me Back, here I Confirm my Vow;  
Which if I dare Infringe, be this my Fate,  
To Die thus Wretched, and Repent too Late.  
The Charms of Beauty I'll no more pursue;  
*Delia* Farewel, Farewel for ever too.

Then we return'd to the Delightful Grove,  
Where Reason Still dissuaded me from Love.

You See, She cry'd, what Misery attends  
 On Love, and Where too frequently it Ends ;  
 And let not that Unwieldy Passion Sway  
 Your Soul, which none but Whining Fools Obey.  
 The Masculine, brave Spirit, Scorns to Own  
 That Proud Ufurer of my Sacred Throne ;  
 Nor with Idolatrous Devotion pays  
 To the False God, or Sacrifice, or Praise.  
 The Syrens Musick Charms the Sailers Ear,  
 But he is ruin'd if he Stops to hear ;  
 And if you Listen, Love's Harmonious Voice,  
 As much Delights, as certainly Destroys.

*Ambrosia* mix'd with *Aconite* may have  
 A Pleasant Taste, but sends you to the Grave ;  
 For tho' the Latent Poison may be still  
 A while, It very seldom fails to Kill.  
 But who'd partake the Food of Gods to Die  
 Within a Day, or Live in Misery,  
 Who'd Eat with Emperours, if o'er his Head  
 A Poniard Hung, but by a Single Thread ?  
 Love's Banquets are Extravagantly Sweet,  
 And either Kill, or Surfeit all that Eat ;

Who,



Who, when the Sated Appetite is tir'd,  
Even Loath the Thoughts of what they once admir'd.  
You've promis'd *Strephon*, to forsake the Charms  
Of *Delia*, tho' She Courts you to her Arms;  
And sure I may your Resolution trust,  
You'll Never want Temptation, but be Just.  
Vows of this Nature, Youth, must not be Broke,  
You're always Bound, tho' tis a Gentle Yoke.  
Wou'd Men be Wise, and my Advice pursue;  
Love's Conquest would be small, his Triumphs Few:  
For Nothing can oppose his Tyranny,  
With such a Prospect of Success as I:  
Me he Detests, and from my Presence Flies,  
Who know his Arts, and Stratagems despise:  
By which he cancels mighty Wisdom's Rules  
To make himself the Deity of Fools:  
Him Dully they adore, him blindly Serve,  
Some while they're Sots, and others while they starve,  
For those, who under his Wild Conduct go,  
Either come Cockscombs, or he makes 'em so.  
His Charms deprive, by their Strange Influence,  
The Brave of Courage, and the Wise of Sense;

In Vain Philosophy wou'd fet the mind  
 At Liberty, if once by him Confin'd :  
 The Scholars Learning, and the Poets Wit  
 A While may Struggle, but at last Submit :  
 Well weigh'd Results, and Wise Conclusions seem  
 But Empty Chat, Impertinence to him,  
 His Opiates Seize so Strongly on the Brain,  
 They make all Prudent Applications Vain.  
 If therefore you Resolve to Live at Ease,  
 To tast the Sweetness of Internal Peace :  
 Wou'd not for Safety to a Battle fly,  
 Or Chuse a Shipwreck, if afraid to die,  
 Far from these pleasurable Shades remove,  
 And leave the Fond Inglorious Toyl of Love,

This said, She Vanish'd, and Methought I found  
 My self transported to a Rising Ground,  
 From whence I did a Pleasant Vale Survey ;  
 Large was the Prospect, Beautiful, and Gay.  
 There I beheld th' Apartments of Delight,  
 Whose curious Forms Oblig'd the Wondring Sight.

Some

Some in Full View upon the Champion plac'd,  
With Lofty Walls, and cooling Streams embrac'd:  
Others, in Shady Groves, retir'd from Noise,  
The Seats of Private and Exalted Joys.

At a great Distance I perceiv'd there stood  
A Stately Building in a Spacious Wood,  
Whose Gilded Turrets rais'd their beauteous Heads,  
High in the Air to View the Neighbouring Meads,  
Where Vulgar Lovers Spent their Happy Days  
In Rustick Dancing and Delightful Plays.

But while I gaz'd with Admiration round,  
I heard from far Celestial Musick sound,  
So Soft, so Moving, so Harmonious all,  
The Artful Charming Notes did rise and fall ;  
My Soul, transported with the Grateful Ayres,  
Shook off the Pressures of its Former Fears.

I felt afresh the Little God begin  
To Stir himself, and Gently move within :  
Then I repented I had vow'd no more  
To Love, or *Delia's* Beauteous Eyes adore :  
Why am I now condemn'd to Banishment,  
And made an Exile by my Own Consent,

I Sighing cry'd? Why shou'd I live in Pain  
Those Fleeting Hours, which ne'er return again?  
O *Delia*! what can wretched *Strephon* do?  
Inhumane to himself, and false to you.  
'Tis true, I've promis'd Reason to remove  
From these Retreats, and quit bright *Delia*'s Love.  
But is not Reason partially Unkind?  
Are all her Votaries like me confin'd?  
Must none, that under her Dominion Live,  
To Love, and Beauty, Veneration give?  
Why then did Nature Youthful *Delia* grace  
With a Majestick Mien, and Charming Face?  
Why did She give her that surprizing Air,  
Make her so Gay, so Witty, and so Fair?  
Mistress of all, that can Affection Move;  
If Reason will not Suffer us to Love?  
But Since it must be so, I'll Hast away,  
'Tis fatal to Return, and Death to Stay.  
From you, blest Shades, (if I may call you so  
Inculpable) with mighty Pain I go.  
Compell'd from Hence, I leave my Quiet Here,  
I may find Safety, but I Buy it Dear.

Then



Then turning round, I saw a Beauteous Boy,  
Such as of Old were Messengers of Joy :  
Who art thou, or from whence ? if sent, said I,  
To me, my Haste requires a Quick Reply.

I come, he cry'd, from yon Celestial Grove,  
Where stands the Temple of the God of Love :  
With whose Important Favour you are Grac'd,  
And, Justly in his high Protection plac'd.  
Be grateful, *Strephon*, and Obey that God,  
Whose Scepter ne'er is chang'd into a Rod,  
That God to whom the Haughty, and the Proud,  
The Bold, the Braveest, nay the Best have bow'd :  
That God, whom all the Lesser Gods adore ;  
First in Existence, and the First in Pow'r.  
From him I come, on Embassy Divine,  
To tell thee *Delia*, *Delia* may be thine.  
To whom all Beauties rightful Tribute pay,  
*Delia* the Young, the Lovely and the Gay.  
If you Dare push your Fortune, if you Dare  
But be resolv'd, and press the yielding Fair.

Success, and Glory will your Labours Crown ;  
For Fate does rarely on the Valiant Frown.  
But were you sure to be Unkindly us'd,  
Coldly receiv'd, and Scornfully Refus'd ;  
He Greater Glory, and more Fame obtains,  
Who Looses *Delia*, than who *Phyllis* Gains.  
But to prevent all Fears that may arise,  
(Tho' Fears ne'er move the Daring, and the Wise)  
In the Dark Volumes of Eternal Doom,  
Where all things Past, and Present, and to Come  
Are Writ, I saw these Words ; --- It is Decreed  
That *Strephon's* Love to *Delia* shall Succeed.  
What wou'd you more? while Youth and Vigour last,  
Love, and be Happy, they Decline too fast:  
In Youth alone you're capable to prove  
The mighty Transports of a Generous Love,  
For dull Old Age with fumbling Labour Cloys  
Before the Bliss, or gives but Wither'd Joys ;  
Youth's the best time for Action Mortals have,  
That Past, they touch the Confines of the Grave,  
Now if you hope to lie in *Delia's* Arms,  
To Die in Raptures, and Dissolve in Charms,

Quick

Quick to the Blissful happy Mansion fly,  
Where all is one continu'd Extacy.

*Delia* Impatiently expects you there,  
And sure you will not disappoint the Fair.  
None but the Impotent, or Old, wou'd stay,  
When Love Invites, and Beauty calls away.

Oh, you convey, said I, dear charming Boy!  
Into my Soul a Strange Disorder'd Joy.  
I wou'd, but dare not your Advice pursue;  
I've promis'd Reason, and I must be true:  
Reason's the Rightful Empress of the Soul,  
Does all Exorbitant Desires controul;  
Checks ev'ry Wild Excursion of the Mind,  
By her Wise Dictates, Happily confin'd.  
And he that will not her Command Obey,  
Leaves a safe Convoy in a Dangerous Sea.  
True, I Love *Delia* to a vast Excess,  
But I must try to make my Passion Less:  
Try, if I can, if Possible, I Will;  
For I have Vow'd, and must that Vow fulfil.

Oh!

Oh! had I not, with what a Vigorous Flight  
 Cou'd I pursue the Quarrys of Delight?  
 How cou'd I press Fair *Delia* in these Arms,  
 Till I dissolv'd in Love, and she in Charms.  
 But now no more I must her Beauties View,  
 Yet Tremble at the Thought to leave her too.  
 What wou'd I give, I might my Flame allow?  
 But 'tis forbid by Reason, and a Vow;  
 Two mighty Obstacles; tho' Love of Old  
 Has broke thro' greater, stronger Powers controul'd.  
 Shou'd I offend, by high Example taught,  
 'Twou'd not be an inexpressible Fau't.  
 The Crimes of Malice have found Grace above,  
 And sure kind Heav'n will spare the Crimes of Love.  
 Cou'dst thou, my Angel, but instruct me how  
 I might be Happy, and not break my Vow,  
 Or by some Subtile Art dissolve the Chain;  
 You'd soon revive my dying Hopes again.  
 Reason and Love, I know, cou'd ne'er Agree,  
 Both wou'd Command, and both Superior be.  
 Reason's supported by the Sinuie Force  
 Of Solid Argument, and Wise Discourse;

But



But Love pretends to use no other Arms  
Than Soft Impressions, and Perswasive Charms.  
One must be Disobey'd, and shall I prove  
A Rebel to my Reason, or to Love?  
But then suppose I shou'd my Flame pursue,  
*Delia* may be Unkind, and Faithless too;  
Reject my Passion with a Proud Disdain,  
And Scorn the Love of such a Humble Swain :  
Then I shou'd labour under Mighty Grief,  
Beyond all Hopes, or Prospect of Relief:  
So that Methinks 'tis Safer to obey  
Right Reason, tho' she bears a Rugged Sway,  
Than Love's soft Rule, whose Subjects undergo  
Early or late too sad a Share of Woe.  
Can I so soon forget that Wretched Crew,  
Reason just now expos'd before my View ;  
If *Delia* shou'd be Cruel, I must be  
A sad Partaker of their Misery:  
But your Encouragements so strongly move,  
I'm almost tempted to pursue my Love :  
For sure, no Treacherous Designs shou'd Dwell  
In one that Argues, and Perswades so well.

For what cou'd Love by my Destruction gain?  
 Love's an Immortal God, and I a Swain:  
 And fure I may, without Suspicion, trust  
 A God, for Gods can never be Unjust.

Right you Conclude, reply'd the Smiling Boy;  
 Love ruins none, 'tis Men themselves destroy;  
 And those vile Wretches, which you lately saw  
 Transgress'd his Rules, as well as Reason's Law.  
 They're not Love's Subjects, but the Slaves of Lust,  
 Nor is their Punishment so Great, as Just.  
 For Love and Lust Essentially divide,  
 Like Day, and Night, Humility, and Pride:  
 One Darknefs Hides, t'other does always Shine,  
 This of Infernal Make, and that Divine  
 Reason no Generous Passion does Oppose;  
 'Tis Lust, not Love, and Reason, that are Foes:  
 She bids you Scorn a Base Inglorious Flame,  
 Black as the Gloomy Shade, from whence it came.  
 In this her Precepts should Obedience find,  
 But your's is not of that Ignoble Kind.

You

You Err in thinking she wou'd Disapprove  
The brave Pursuit of Honourable Love,  
And therefore Judge what's Harmless, an Offence,  
Invert her Meaning, and Mistake her Sense.  
She cou'd not such insipid Counsel give,  
As not to Love at all, 'tis not to Live;  
But where bright Virtue, and true Beauty lies,  
And that in *Delia*, Charming *Delia's* Eyes.  
Cou'd you, contented, see the Angelic Maid  
In Old *Alexis* dull Embraces laid?  
Or Rough-hewn *Tyterus* possess those Charms,  
Which are in Heav'n, the Heav'n of *Delia's* Arms?  
Consider, Youth, what Transports you forego,  
The most Intire Felicity Below;  
Which is by Fate alone reserv'd for you;  
Monarchs have been deny'd, for Monarchs sue.  
I own 'tis Difficult to gain the Prize,  
Or 'twou'd be Cheap, and Low in Noble Eyes;  
But there is one Soft Minute, when the Mind  
Is left unguarded, waiting to be kind,  
Which the Wise Lover understanding right,  
Steals in like Day upon the Wings of Light.

You urge your Vow, but can those Vows prevail  
 Whose first Foundation, and whose Reason fail?  
 You vow'd to leave fair *Delia*, but you thought  
 Your Passion was a Crime, your Flame a Fau't;  
 But since your Judgment err'd, it has no Force  
 To Bind at all, but is Dissolv'd of Course.

And therefore Hesitate no longer here,  
 But Banish all the dull Remains of Fear.

Dare you be Happy Youth, but Dare and Be;  
 I'll be your Convoy to the Charming She.

What still Irresolute? Debating still?

View her, and then forsake her, if you will.

I'll go, said I, once more I'll venture All,  
 'Tis Brave to perish by a Noble Fall.

Beauty no Mortal can resist, and *Jove*

Laid by his Grandure, to Indulge his Love.

Reason, if I do Err, my Crime forgive?

Angels alone without offending live,

I go astray, but as the Wife have done,

And Act a Folly, which they did not shun.

Then



Then we, descending to a spacious Plain,  
Were soon saluted by a Numerous Train  
Of Happy Lovers, who consum'd their Hours,  
With constant Jollity, in Shady Bow'rs.  
There I beheld the Blest Variety  
Of Joy, from all Corroding Troubles free ;  
Each follow'd his own Fancy to Delight ;  
Tho' all went Different Ways, yet all went Right,  
None err'd, or mis'd the Happiness he Sought  
Love to one Center every Twining brought.  
We past thro' numerous Pleasant Fields, and Glades,  
By murm'ring Fontinels, and peaceful Shades.  
Till we approach'd the Confines of the Wood,  
Where mighty Love's Immortal Temple stood.  
Round the Celestial Fane in Goodly Rows,  
And Beauteous Order Amorous Myrtle grows,  
Beneath whose Shade expecting Lovers Wait  
For the Kind Minute of Indulgent Fate :  
Each had his Guardian *Cupid*, whose chief Care,  
By secret Motions was to Warm the Fair,

To kindle eager Longings for the Joy,  
To move the slow, and to Incline the Coy.

The Glorious Fabric charm'd my Won'dring Sight,  
Of vast Extent, and of Prodigious Hight;  
The Case was Marble, but the Polish'd Stone  
With such an admirable Lustre shone,  
As if some Architect Divine had strove  
T' out-do the Pallace of Imperial Jove.

The pond'rous Gates of Massy Gold were made  
With Diamonds of a mighty Size inlaid.

Here stood the Winged Guards in order plac'd,  
With Shining Darts, and Golden Quivers grac'd:  
As we approach'd, they clap'd their Joyful Wings;  
And cry'd aloud, tune, tune the Warbling Strings;  
The Grateful Youth is come to Sacrifice  
At *Delia's* Altar, to bright *Delia's* Eyes:

With Harmony Divine his Soul Inspire,  
That he may boldly Touch the Sacred Fire.

And ye, that wait upon the Blushing Fair,  
Celestial Incense and Perfumes prepare;

While

While our great God her Panting Bosom Warms,  
Refines her Beauties, and Improves her Charms.

Ent'ring the Spacious Dome, my ravish'd Eyes  
A Wondrous Scene of Glory did surprize.

The Riches, Symmetry, and Brightness, all  
Did equally for Admiration call :

But the Description is a Labour fit

For none beneath a Laureat Angels Wit.

Amidst the Temple was an Altar, made  
Of solid Gold, where Adoration's paid.

Here I perform'd the usual Rites with Fear,  
Not daring boldly to approach too Near ;

Till from the God a Smiling *Cupid* came

And bid me touch the Consecrated Flame ;

Which done, my Guide my eager Steps convey'd

To the Apartment of the beauteous Maid.

Before the Entrance was her Altar rais'd,

On Pedistals of polish'd Marble plac'd.

By it her Guardian *Cupid* always stands,  
 Who Troops of Missionary Loves commands.  
 To him with soft Addresses all repair;  
 Each for his Captive humbly begs the Fair;  
 Tho' still in vain they Importun'd, for He  
 Wou'd give Incouragement to none, but me.  
 There stands the Youth, he cry'd, must taste the Bliss,  
 The lovely *Delia* can be none, but His.  
 Fate has Selected Him, and Mighty Love  
 Confirms Below, what That decrees Above.  
 Then press no more, there's not another Swain  
 On Earth, but *Strephon* can bright *Delia* gain.  
 Kneel Youth, and with a greatful Mind renew  
 Your Vows, Swear you'll Eternally be true:  
 But if you dare be False, dare Perjur'd prove  
 You'll find in sure Revenge Affronted Love  
 As Hot, as Fierce, as terrible as *Jove*.  
 Hear Me, ye Gods, said I, now hear me swear  
 By all that's Sacred, and by all that's Fair!  
 If I prove False to *Delia*, let me fall  
 The Common Obloquy, condemn'd by all:

Let



Let me the utmost of your Vengeance try,  
Forc'd to Live Wretched, and Unpittied Die,

Then he expos'd the Lovely Sleeping Maid  
Upon a Couch of New-blown Roses laid.  
The blushing Colour in her Cheeks exprest,  
What tender Thoughts inspir'd her heaving Brest.  
Sometimes a Sigh half Smother'd Stole away,  
Then She wou'd *Strephon*, charming *Strephon* say.  
Sometimes She Smiling cry'd, you Love 'tis true.  
But will you always, and be Faithful too?  
Ten Thousand Graces play'd about her Face,  
~~Ten~~ Thousand Charms attended ev'ry Grace,  
Each admirable Feature did Impart  
A Secret Rapture to my throbbing Heart.  
The Nymph imprison'd in the brazen Tow'r,  
When *Jove* descended in a Golden Show'r,  
Less Beautiful appear'd, and yet her Eyes  
Brought down that God from the neglected Skies.  
So moving, so transporting was the Sight,  
So much a Goddess *Delia* seem'd, so Bright,

My ravish'd Soul, with Secret Wonder Fraught,  
Lay all Dissolv'd in Extacy of Thought.

Long time I gaz'd, but as I trembling drew  
Nearer to take a more obliging View :  
It Thunder'd Lou'd, and the ungrateful Noise  
Wak'd Me, and put an End to all my Joys,

T H E  
Fortunate Complaint.

**A**S *Strephon* in a Wither'd Cyprus Shade,  
For Anxious Thought, and Sighing Lovers  
made,  
Resolving lay upon his wretched State,  
And the hard Usage of too Partial Fate;  
Thus the sad Youth Complain'd. Once Happy Swain,  
Now the most Abject Shepherd of the Plain:  
Where's that Harmonious Consort of Delights,  
Those Peaceful Days, and Pleasurable Nights;  
That Generous Mirth, and Noble Jollity,  
Which Gaily made the Dancing Minutes fly?  
Dispers'd, and Banish'd from my troubl'd Breast:  
Nor leave me one Short Interval of Rest.

**E** Why do I prosecute a hopeless Flame,  
And play in Torment such a Loosing Game?

All

All things conspire to make my Ruine sure;  
 When Wounds are Mortal, they admit no Cure.  
 But Heav'n sometimes does a Mirac'lous thing,  
 When our Last Hope is just upon the Wing;  
 And in a Moment drives those Clouds away,  
 Whose Sullen Darknes hid a Glorious Day.

Why was I Born, or why do I Survive,  
 To be made Wretched only, kept Alive?  
 Fate is too Cruel in the harsh Decree,  
 That I must Live, yet Live in Misery.  
 Are all its White, its Happy Moments gone.  
 Must *Strephon* be unfortunate Alone?  
 On other Swains it Lavishly bestows;  
 On them each Nymph Neglected Favour throws.  
 They meet Compliance still in ev'ry Face,  
 And lodge their Passions in a kind Embrace:  
 Obtaining from the soft Incurious Maid  
 True Love for Counterfeit, and Gold for Lead.  
 Success on *Mevius* always does attend;  
 Inconstant Fortune is his Constant Friend:



# The Fortunate Complaint.

43

He levels Blindly, yet the mark does hit,  
 And owes the Victory to Chance, not Wit.  
 But let him conquer e'er one Blow be struck ;  
 I'd not be *Mevius* to have *Mevius* Luck.  
 Proud of my Fate, I wou'd not Change my Chains  
 For all the Trophies Purring *Mevius* gains,  
 But rather still Live *Delia's* Slave, than be  
 Like *Mevius* Silly, and like *Mevius* free.  
 But he is Happy ; loves the Common Road,  
 And, Pack-horse like, jogs on beneath his Load :  
 If *Phillis* Peevish, or Unkind does prove,  
 It ne'er disturbs his Grave Mechanic Love.  
 A little Joy his Languid Flame contents,  
 And makes him Easy under all Events.  
 But when a Passion's Noble and Sublime,  
 And higher still would ev'ry Moment climb :  
 If 'tis accepted with a Just Return,  
 The Fire's Immortal, will for ever Burn ;  
 And with such Raptures fills the Lovers Breast,  
 That Saints in Paradise scarce more are Blest.

He

But

But I lament my Miseries in vain,  
 For *Delia* hears me Pityless, Complain.  
 Suppose she Pitties, and believes me True ;  
 What Satisfaction can from thence accrue,  
 Unless her Pity makes her Love me too ?  
 Perhaps she Loves, ('tis but Perhaps, I fear,  
 For that's a Blessing can't be bought too dear,)  
 If she has Scruples, that oppose her Will,  
 I must, Alas, be Miserable still.  
 Tho' if she Loves, those Scruples soon will fly  
 Before the Reas'nings of the Deity.  
 For where Love enters, he will Rule alone,  
 And suffer no Co-partner in his Throne:  
 And those false Arguments, that wou'd repel  
 His high Injunctions, teach us to Rebel.

What Method can poor *Strephon* then Propound  
 To cure the Bleeding of his fatal Wound :  
 If she, who guided the vexatious Dart,  
 Resolves to Cherish and increase the Smart?

The Fortunate Complaint. 45

Go Youth, from these Unhappy Plains remove,  
Leave the Pursuit of Unsuccessful Love ;  
Go, and to foreign Swains thy Griefs relate :  
Tell 'em the Cruelty of frowning Fate :  
Tell 'em the Noble Charms of *Delia's* Mind,  
Tell 'em how Fair, but tell 'em how Unkind.  
And when thou hast few Years in Sorrow spent,  
(For sure they cannot be of large Extent,)  
In Prayers for her thou lovest, Resign thy Breath,  
And bless the Minute gives thee Ease, and Death.

Here paus'd the Swain.---When *Delia* driving by  
Her Bleating Flocks to some fresh Pasture nigh,  
By Love directed, did her Steps convey  
Where *Strephon*, wrap'd in Silent Sorrows, lay.  
As soon as he perceiv'd the Beauteous Maid,  
He rose to meet Her, and thus, trembling, said.

When humble Suppliants wou'd the Gods appease,  
And in Severe Afflictions beg for Ease ;  
With Constant Importunity they sue,  
And their Petitions ev'ry Day renew ;

Grow

Grow still more earnest as they are deny'd,  
 Nor one well-weigh'd Expedient leave untry'd,  
 Till Heav'n, those Blessings, they enjoy'd before,  
 Not only does Return; but gives 'em more.

Oh, do not blame me, *Delia*! If I press  
 So much, and with Impatience, for Redress.  
 My Prond'rous Grievs no Ease my Soul allow,  
 For they are next t' Intolerable now;  
 How shall I then support 'em, when they grow  
 To an Excess, to a Distracting Woe?  
 Since you're indow'd with a Celestial Mind,  
 Relieve like Heav'n, and like the Gods be Kind.  
 Did you perceive the Torments, I endure,  
 Which you first caus'd, and you alone can Cure:  
 They wou'd your Virgin Soul to Pity move;  
 And Pity may at last be chang'd to Love.  
 Some Swains, I own, Impose upon the Fair,  
 And lead the Incautious Maid into a Snare.  
 But let them suffer for their Perjury;  
 And do not punish Others Crimes in Me.



## The Fortunate Complaint.

47

If there's so many of our Sex untrue,  
Yours shou'd more kindly use the faithful Few.  
Tho Innocence too oft Incurs the Fate  
Of Guilt, and Clears it self sometimes too Late.

Your Nature is to Tendernefs Inclind;  
And why to Me, to Me alone Unkind?  
A Common Love, by other Persons shewn,  
Meets with a full Return, but Mine has None:  
Nay scarce Believ'd: tho' from Deceit as Free,  
As Angels Flames, can for Archangels be.  
A Passion Feign'd at no Repulse is Griev'd;  
And values Little if it ben't receiv'd;  
But Love Sincere resents the smallest Scorn,  
And the Unkindness does in Secret Mourn.

Sometimes I please my self, and think you are  
Too Good, to make me Wretched by Despair.  
That Tendernefs, which in your Soul is plac'd,  
Will move you to Compassion sure at last.  
But when I come to take a Serious View  
Of my own Merits, I Despond of you,

For

48      The Fortunate Complaint.

For what can *Delia*, Beauteous *Delia* see  
To raise in her the least Esteem of Me?  
I've nought that can encourage my Address,  
My Fortune's Little; and my Worth is less.  
But if a Love of the Sublimest Kind  
Can make Impressions on a Generous Mind:  
If all has Real Value, that's Divine,  
There cannot be a Nobler Flame than Mine.

Perhaps you Pity me: I know you must,  
And my Affection can no more Distrust:  
But what, Alas, will Helpless Pity do?  
You Pity, but you may despise me too.  
Still I am Wretched, if no more you give,  
The Starving Orphan can't on Pity Live,  
He must receive the Food for which he cries,  
Or he consumes; and tho' much Pitied, Dies.

My Torments still do with my Passion grow,  
The more I Love, the more I undergo.  
But suffer me no longer to remain  
Beneath the Pressures of so vast a Pain.

My

## The Fortunate Complaint.

42

My Wound requires some speedy Remedy:  
Delays are Fatal, when Despair's so nigh.  
Much I've endur'd, much more than I can tell;  
Too much, indeed, for one that loves so well.  
When will the end of all my Sorrows be?  
Can you not love, I'm sure, you pity me?  
But if I must new Miseries sustain,  
And be condemn'd to more, and stronger Pain:  
I'll not accuse you, since my Fate is such,  
I please too little, and I love too much.

*Strephon* no more, the blushing *Delia* said,  
Excuse the Conduct of a timorous Maid:  
Now I'm convinc'd your Love's sublime and true,  
Such as I always wish'd to find in you.  
Each kind Expression, ev'ry tender Thought  
A mighty Transport in my Bosom wrought:  
And tho' in secret I your Flame approv'd,  
I sigh'd and griev'd, but durst not own I lov'd;  
Tho' now --- O *Strephon*! be so kind to guess,  
What shame will not allow me to confess.

## The Fortunate Complaint.

The Youth encompass'd with a Joy so bright,  
 Had hardly Strength to bear the vast Delight ;  
 By too sublime an Extasie possess'd,  
 He trembl'd, gaz'd, and clasp'd her to his Breast ;  
 Ador'd the Nymph that did his pain remove,  
 Vow'd endless Truth, and everlasting Love,

THE



# Strephon's Love for Delia

JUSTIFY'D;

In an Epistle to *CELADON*.

**A**LL Men have Follies, which they blindly trace  
Thro' the dark Turnings of a dubious Maze:  
But happy those, who by a prudent Care,  
Retreat betimes from the fallacious Snare.

The eldest Sons of Wisdom were not free  
From the same Failure you condemn in me:  
They lov'd, and by that glorious Passion led,  
Forgot what *Plato*, and themselves had said.  
Love triumph'd o'er those dull Pedantick Rules,  
They had collected from the wrangling Schools;  
And made 'em to his nobler Sway submit,  
In spite of all their Learning, Art and Wit:

52     *Strephon's Love for Delia* Justify'd;  
Their grave starch'd Morals then unuseful prov'd,  
Those dusty Characters he soon remov'd;  
For when his shining Squadrons came in view,  
Their boasted Reason murmur'd, and withdrew:  
Unable to oppose their mighty Force  
With phlegmatic Resolves, and dry Discourse.

If, as the wisest of the wise have err'd,  
I go astray, and am condemn'd unheard,  
My faults you too severely reprehend,  
More like a rigid Censor, than a Friend.  
Love is the Monarch Passion of the Mind,  
Knows no Superior, by no Laws confin'd;  
But triumphs still impatient of Controul,  
O'er all the proud Endowments of the Soul.

You own'd my *Delia*, Friend, Divinely Fair,  
When in the Bud her native Beauties were:  
Your Praise did then her early Charms confess,  
Yet you'd perswade me to adore her less.  
You but the Non-age of her Beauty saw,  
But might from thence sublime Ideas draw;

And

And what she is, by what she was conclude,  
For now she governs those, she then subdu'd.

Her Aspect noble, and mature is grown,  
And ev'ry Charm in its full Vigour known.  
There we may, wond'ring, view distinctly writ,  
The Lines of Goodness, and the Marks of Wit:  
Each Feature emulous, of pleasing most,  
Does justly, some peculiar Sweetness boast:  
And her Composure's of so fine a Frame,  
Pride cannot hope to mend, nor Envy blame.

When the immortal Beauties of the Skies  
Contended naked for the golden Prize,  
The Apple had not fall'n to *Venus* share,  
Had I been *Paris*, and my *Delia* there:  
In whom alone we all their Graces find,  
The moving Gaiety of *Venus* join'd  
With *Juno*'s Aspect, and *Minerva*'s Mind.

View but those Nymphs, which other Swains adore  
You'll value charming *Delia* still the more.

54 *Strephon's Love for Delia, Justify'd;*  
*Dorinda's Mien's Majestick, but her Mind*  
*Is to Revenge and Peevishness inclin'd:*  
*Myrtilla's Fair, but yet Myrtilla's Proud:*  
*Cloe has Wit, but noisy, vain, and loud;*  
*Melania dotes upon the filliest things,*  
*And yet Melania like an Angel sings.*  
*But in my Delia all Endowments meet,*  
*All that is just, agreeable, or sweet;*  
*All that can praise, and admiration move;*  
*All that the Wifest, and the Bravest love.*

In all Discourse she's apposite and gay,  
And ne'er wants something pertinent to say:  
For if the Subject's of a serious kind,  
Her Thoughts are manly, and her Sense refin'd;  
But if divertive, her Expressions fit,  
Good Language, joyn'd with inoffensive Wit.  
So cautious always, that she ne'er affords  
An idle Thought, the Charity of Words.

The Vices common to her Sex, can find  
No room, e'en in the Suburbs of her Mind.



Concluding wisely, she's in danger still,  
From the meer Neighbourhood of industrious Ill:  
Therefore at distance keeps the subtle Foe,  
Whose near approach would Formidable grow,  
While the unwary Virgin is undone,  
And meets the misery which she ought to shun.

Her Wit is penetrating, clear and gay,  
But let's true Judgment, and Right-reason sway:  
Modestly Bold, and quick to Apprehend,  
Prompt in Replies, but cautious to Offend,  
Her Darts are keen, but level'd with such care,  
They ne'er fall short, and seldom fly too far:  
For when she Rallies, 'tis with so much art,  
We blush with Pleasure, and with Raptures smart.

Oh *Celadon*! You wou'd my Flame approve,  
Did you but hear her talk, and talk of Love;  
That tender Passion to her fancy brings  
The prettiest Notions, and the softest Things;  
Which are by her so movingly express'd,  
They fill with Extasie my throbbing Breast.

56 *Strephon's Love for Delia, Justify'd;*

'Tis then the Charms of Eloquence impart  
Their Native Glories, unimprov'd by Art:  
By that she says, I measure things above,  
And guess the Language of *Seraphic Love*.

To the cool Bosom of a peaceful shade,  
By some wide Beech, or lofty Poplar made,  
When Ev'ning comes, we secretly repair,  
To breath in private, and unbend our Care:  
And, while our Flocks in fruitful Pastures feed,  
Some well-design'd Instructive Poem read.  
Where useful Morals, with soft Numbers joyn'd,  
At once delight, and cultivate the Mind:  
Which are by her to more Perfection brought,  
By wise Remarks upon the Poet's Thought.  
So well she knows the Stamp of Eloquence,  
The empty Sound of Words from solid Sense;  
The florid Fustian of a Rhyming Spark,  
Whose random Arrow ne'er comes near the Mark,  
Can't on her Judgment be impos'd, and pass  
For Standard Gold, when 'tis but gilded Brass,

Oft in the Walks of an adjacent Grove,  
 Where first we mutually engag'd to love;  
 She'd smiling ask me, whether I'd prefer,  
 An humble Cottage on the Plains with her,  
 Before the pompous Buildings of the Great,  
 And find content in that inferiour State?  
 Said I, the Question you propose to me,  
 Perhaps a matter of Debate might be,  
 Were the degrees of my Affection less,  
 Than burning Martyrs to the Gods express.  
 In you I've all I can desire below,  
 That Earth can give me, or the Gods bestow;  
 And blest with you, I know not where to find  
 A Second CHOICE; you take up all my Mind.  
 I'd not forsake these dear delightful Plains,  
 Where charming *Delia*, love and *Delia* Reigns;  
 For all the Splendor that a Court can give,  
 Where gaudy Fools, and busie Statesmen live.  
 Tho' youthful *Paris*, when his Birth was known,  
 Too fatally Related to a Throne,  
 Forfook *Oenone*, and his Rural Sports,  
 For dangerous Greatness, and Tumultuous Courts,  
Yet

58 *Strephon's Love for Delia* Justify'd;

Yet Fate shou'd offer its Pow'r in vain,

• For what is Pow'r to such an humble Swain?

I wou'd not leave my *Delia*, leave my fair,

Tho' half the Globe should be assign'd my share.

And wou'd you have me, Friend, reflect again,  
Become the basest and the worst of Men?

Oh do not urge me, *Celadon*, forbear!

I cannot leave her, she's too charming Fair!

Shou'd I your Counsel in this case pursue,

You might suspect me for a Villain too:

For sure that perjur'd Wretch can never prove

Just to his Friend, that's faithless to his Love,

An



# An Epistle to *DELIA*.

**A**S those, who hope hereafter Heav'n to share,  
 A rig'rous Exile here can calmly bear ;  
 And with collected Spirits undergo  
 The sad variety of Pain below :  
 Yet with intense Reflections antedate,  
 The mighty Raptures of a future State :  
 While the bright Prospect of approaching Joy,  
 Creates a Bliss no Trouble can destroy.

So tho' I am tofs'd by giddy Fortune's Hand,  
 Ev'n to the Confines of my Native Land ;  
 Where I can hear the stormy Ocean roar,  
 And break its Waves upon the foaming Shore :  
 Tho' from my *Delia* banish'd, all that's dear,  
 That's good, or beautiful, or charming here ;  
 Yet flattering Hopes encourages me to live,  
 And tell me Fate will kinder minutes give.

That

That the dark Treasury of Time contains  
A glorious Day, will finish all my Pains ;  
And while I contemplate on Joys to come,  
My Griefs are silent, and my Sorrows dumb.

Believe me, *Nymph*, believe me charming Fair,  
(When Truth's conspicuous, we need not Swear ;  
Oaths wou'd suppose a diffidence in you,  
That I am false, my Flame fictitious too,)  
Were I condemn'd by Fate's Imperial Pow'r,  
Ne'er to return to your Embraces more,  
I'd scorn whate'er the Busy World cou'd give,  
'Twou'd be the worst of Miseries to live :  
For all my Wishes, and Desires pursue,  
All I admire, or covet here, is you,  
Were I possess'd of your surprising Charms,  
And lodg'd again within my *Delia's* Arms,  
Then wou'd my Joys ascend to that degree,  
Cou'd Angels Envy, they wou'd envy me,

Oft as I wander in a filent Shade,  
When bold Vexation wou'd my Soul Invade,  
I banish the rough Thought, and none pursue,  
But what inclines my willing Mind to you.  
The soft Reflections on your sacred Love,  
Like Sov'reign Antidotes, all Cares remove;  
Composing ev'ry Faculty to rest,  
They leave a grateful Flavour in my Breast.

Retir'd sometimes into a lovely Grove,  
I think o'er all the Stories of our Love.  
What mighty Pleasure have I oft possess'd,  
When in a Masculine Embrace I prest,  
The lovely *Delia* to my heaving Breast?  
Then I remember, and with vast delight,  
The kind Expressions of the parting Night :  
Methought, the Sun too quick return'd agen,  
And Day was ne'er impertinent till then.  
Strong and Contracted was our eager Bliss,  
And Ages Pleasure in each generous Kiss :

Years

Years of delight, in moments we compriz'd,  
And Heaven it self was there Epitomiz'd.

But when the Glories of the Eastern Light,  
O'reflow'd the twinkling Tapers of the Night,  
Farewel my *Delia*, O farewel, said I,  
The utmost Period of my time is nigh:  
Too cruel Fate forbids my longer stay,  
And wretched *Strephon* is compell'd away.  
But tho' I must my Native Plains forego,  
Forfake these Fields, forfake my *Delia* too,  
No change of Fortune shall for ever move,  
The settl'd Base of my immortal Love.

And must my *Strephon*, must my faithful Swain,  
Be forc'd, you cry'd, to a remoter Plain!  
The Darling of my Soul so soon remov'd;  
The only valu'd, and the best lov'd;  
Tho' other Swains to me themselves address'd,  
*Strephon* was still distinguish'd from the rest;  
Flat and insipid all their Courtship seem'd,  
Little themselves, their Passions less esteem'd.



For my aversion with their Flames increas'd,  
And none but *Strephon* partial *Delia* pleas'd.  
Tho' I'm depriv'd of my kind Shepherd's sight,  
Joy of the Day, and Blessing of the Night;  
Yet will you *Strephon*, will you love me still?  
However flatter me, and say you will.  
For shou'd you entertain a Rival Love,  
Shou'd you unkind to me, or faithless prove,  
No mortal e'er cou'd half so wretched be,  
For sure no mortal ever lov'd like me.

Your Beauty, Nymph, said I, my Faith secures;  
Those you once conquer, must be always yours:  
For Hearts subdu'd by your victorious Eyes,  
No Force can storm, no Stratagem surprize.  
Nor can I of Captivity complain,  
While lovely *Delia* holds the glorious Chain.  
The *Cyprian* Queen in young *Adonis* Arms,  
Might fear, at last he wou'd despise her Charms.  
But I can never such a Monster prove,  
To slight the Blessings of my *Delia's* Love.

Who'd

Wou'd those who at Celestial Tables sit,  
Blest with immortal Wine, immortal Wit;  
Chuse to descend to some inferior Board,  
Which naught but Stum, and Nonsense, can afford?  
Nor can I e'er to those gay Nymphs address,  
Whose Pride is greater, and whose Charms are less:  
Their Tinsel Beauty may perhaps subdue.  
A gaudy Coxcomb, or a fulsome Beau;  
But seem at best indifferent to me,  
Who none but you with admiration see.

Now wou'd the rowling Orbs obey my Will,  
I'd make the Sun a second time stand still;  
And to the lower World their Light repay,  
When Conquering *Josbua* robb'd 'em of a Day.  
Tho' our two Souls wou'd different Passions prove,  
His was a Thirst of Glory, mine is Love.  
It will not be; the Sun makes hast to rise,  
And takes Possession of the Eastern Skies:  
Yet one Kiss more, tho' Millions are too few,  
And *Delia*, since we must, must part, Adieu.

As *Adam* by an injur'd Maker driv'n  
From *Eden's* Groves, the Visinage of Heaven ;  
Compell'd to wander, and oblig'd to bear  
The harsh Impressions of a ruder Air,  
With mighty Sorrow, and with weeping Eyes,  
Look'd back, and mourn'd the loss of Paradise.  
With a concern like his, did I review  
My native Plains, my charming *Delia* too :  
For I left Paradise in leaving you.

If, as I walk, a pleasant Shade I find,  
It brings your fair Idea to my Mind.  
Such was the happy place, I sighing say,  
Where I, and *Delia*, lovely *Delia*, lay ;  
When first I did my tender Thoughts impart,  
And made a grateful Present of my Heart.  
Or if my Friend in his Apartment, shows  
Some Piece of *Vandicke's*, or of *Angelo's* ;  
In which the Artist has with wond'rous Care,  
Describ'd the Face of one exceeding Fair ;

Tho', at first sight, it may my Passion raise,  
 And ev'ry Feature I admire, and praise;  
 Yet still, methinks, upon a second view,  
 'Tis not so Beautiful, so Fair as you.  
 If I converse with those, whom most admit,  
 To have a ready, gay, vivacious Wit,  
 They want some amiable, moving Grace,  
 Some Turn of Fancy that my *Delia* has.  
 For ten good Thoughts, amongst the Crowd they  
 Methinks ten Thousand are impertinent. [vent,

Let other Shepherds, that are prone to Range,  
 With each Caprice, their giddy Humours change.  
 They from variety less Joys receive,  
 Than you alone are capable to give.  
 Nor will I envy those ill-judging Swains,  
 What they enjoy's the refuse of the Plains;  
 If for my share of Happiness below,  
 Kind Heav'n upon me *Delia* wou'd bestow:  
 Whatever Blessings it can give beside,  
 Let all Mankind among themselves divide.



ON THE  
General Conflagration,  
AND  
*Ensuing Judgment.*  
A PINDARIC ESSAY.

*Esse quoq; in Fatis, reminiscitur, affore tempus*

*Quo Mare, quo Tellus, correpta; Regia Cæli*

*Ardeat, & Mundi Moles operosa laboret.*

Ovid. Met.

I.

**N**OW the black Days of Universal Doom,  
Which wond'rous Prophecies foretold;  
[are come;  
What strong Convulsions, what stupendious Woe,  
Must sinking Nature undergo,  
Amidst the dreadful Wreck, and final Overthrow.

68      *On the General Conflagration.*

Methinks I hear her, conscious of her Fate,  
    With fearful Groans, and hideous Cries,  
        Fill the presaging Skies ;  
    Unable to suport the weight,  
Or of the present, or approaching Miseries.  
    Methinks I hear her Summon all,  
    Her guilty Off-spring, raving with Despair,  
        And trembling, cry aloud, Prepare,  
Ye Sublunary Pow'rs t'attend my Funeral !

II.

    See, see the Tragical Portents,  
    Those dismal Harbingers of dire Events!  
    Loud Thunders roar, and darted Light'nings fly  
    Through the dark Concave of the troubl'd Sky:  
The fi'ry Ravage is begun, the End is nigh,  
    See how the glaring Meteors blaze !  
    Like baleful Torches, O they come,  
    To light dissolving Nature to her Tomb !  
    And scatt'ring round their pestilential Rays,  
Strike the affrighted Nations with a wild Amaze.

Vast

Vast Sheets of Flame, and Globes of Fire,  
By an impetuous Wind are driv'n,  
Thro' all the Regions of th' inferior Heav'n,  
Till hid in sulph'rous Smoke, they seemingly expire.

III.

Sad and amazing 'tis to see,  
What mad confusion rages over all  
This scorching Ball!

No Country is exempt, no Nation free,  
But each partakes the epidemic Misery.

What dismal havock of Mankind is made  
By Wars, and Pestilence, and Dearth,

Thro' the whole mournful Earth?

Which with a murdering Fury they invade,  
Forfook by Providence, and all propitious Aid.

Whilst Fiends let loose, their utmost Rage employ

To Ruin all things here below;

Their Malice and Revenge no limits know,  
But, in the universal Tumult, all destroy.

## IV.

Distracted Mortals from their Cities fly  
For safety to their Champion Ground,  
But there no safety can be found;  
The Vengeance of an angry Deity,  
With unrelenting Fury does inclose them round.  
And whilst for Mercy some aloud implore  
The God, they ridicul'd before;  
And others raving with their woe,  
(For Hunger, Thirst, Despair they undergo,  
Blaspheme and Curse the Pow'r they shou'd adore.  
The Earth, parch'd up with Drought, her Jaws  
[extends,  
And op'ning wide a dreadful Tomb,  
The howling Multitude, at once, descends,  
Together all into her burning Womb.

## V.

The trembling Alps abscond their Aged Heads  
In mighty Pillars of Infernal Smoke,  
Which from their bellowing Caverns broke,  
And suffocates whole Nations where it spreads.

Some-



Sometimes the Fire within divides  
The Massy Rivets of those secret Chains,  
Which hold together their prodigious Sides,  
And hurls the shatter'd Rocks o'er all the Plains  
While Towns and Cities, ev'ry thing below,  
Is overwhelm'd with the same burst of Woe,

VI.

No Shower's descend from the malignant Sky,  
To cool the Burnings of the thirsty Field;  
The Trees no Leaves, no Grass the Meadows yield,  
But all is barren, all is dry.  
The little Rivulets no more  
To larger Streams their Tribute pay,  
Nor to the ebbing Ocean, they  
Which with a strange unusual roar, [before,  
Forsakes those ancient Bounds it wou'd have pass'd  
And to the monstrous Deep in vain retires;  
For ev'n the Deep it self is not secure,  
But belching subterranean Fires,  
Increases still the scalding Calenture,  
Which neither Earth, nor Air, nor Water can endure.

## VII.

The Sun, by Sympathy concern'd,  
 At those Convulsions, Pangs, and Agonies,  
 Which on the whole Creation seize,  
 Is to substantial Darkness turn'd,  
 The neighbouring Moon, as if a purple Flood,  
 O'erflow'd her tottering Orb, appears  
 Like a huge mass of black corrupting Blood ;  
 For she her self a Dissolution fears.  
 The larger Planets, which once shone so bright,  
 With the reflected Rays of borrow'd light,  
 Shook from their Center, without motion lie,  
 Unwieldy Globes of solid Night,  
 And ruinous Lumber of the Sky,

## VIII.

Amidst this dreadful Hurrican of Woes,  
 (For Fire, Confusion, Horror and Despair,  
 Fill ev'ry Region of the tortur'd Earth and Air :)  
 The great Archangel his loud Trumpet blows,

At whose amazing Sound, fresh Agonies

Upon expiring Nature seize;

For now she'll in few minutes know

Th' ultimate Event and Fate of all below.

Awake, ye Dead, awake he cries,

For all must come,

All that had human Breath, arise,

To hear your last unalterable Doom.

IX.

At this the gasty Tyrant, who had sway'd

So many thousand Ages uncontroul'd,

No longer could his Scepter hold,

But gave up all, and was himself a Captive made.

The scatter'd Particles of human Clay,

Which in the silent Grave's dark Chambers lay,

Resume their pristine Forms agen,

And now from mortal, grow immortal Men.

Stupendious Energy of Sacr'd Pow'r,

Which can collect, where-ever cast;

74     *On the General Conflagration,*

The smallest Atoms, and that shape restore,  
Which they had worn so many years before,  
Tho' thro' strange Accidents and numerous Changes  
[past.]

X,

See how the joyful Angels fly  
From ev'ry Quarter of the Sky,  
To gather and to convoy all  
The pious Sons of human Race,  
To one capacious place,  
Above the Confines of this flaming Ball.  
See with what tenderness and love they bear  
Those Righteous Souls thro' the tumultuous Air;  
Whilst the ungodly stand below,  
Raging with shame, confusion, and despair,  
Amidst the burning overthrow,  
Expecting fiercer Torments, and acuter Woe.  
Round them Infernal Spirits howling fly;  
O Horror, Curſes, Tortures, Chains, they cry,  
And roar aloud with execrable Blasphemy.

XI, Hark



## XI.

Hark how the daring Sons of Infamy,  
Who once dissolv'd in Pleasures lay,  
And laugh'd at this tremendous Day,  
To Rocks and Mountains now to hide 'em cry;  
But Rocks and Mountains all in Ashes lie.  
Their Shame's so mighty, and so strong their Fear,  
That rather than appear  
Before an incens'd God, they would be hurl'd  
Amongst the burning Ruins of the World,  
And lie conceal'd, if possible, for ever there.  
Time was, they wou'd not own a Deity,  
Nor after Death a future State;  
But now by sad Experience find too late,  
There is, and terrible to that degree,  
That, rather than behold his Face, they'd cease to be.  
And sure 'tis better, if Heav'n would give consent,  
To have no Being; but they must remain  
For ever, and for ever be in pain.  
O inexpressible stupendious Punishment,  
Which cannot be endur'd, yet must be underwent!

XII. But

XII.

But now the Eastern Skies expanding wide,  
The glorious Judge Omnipotent descends,  
And to the Sublunary World his Passage bends ;  
Where, cloath'd with human Nature, he did once  
[reside.  
Round him the bright Ethereal Armies fly,  
And loud triumphant *Hallelujahs* sing,  
With Songs of Praise, and Hymns of Victory  
To their Celestial King,  
All Glory, Pow'r, Dominion, Majesty,  
Now and for everlasting Ages be,  
To the Essential one, and Coeternal Three,  
Perish that World, as 'tis decreed,  
Which saw the God Incarnate bleed !  
Perish by thy Almighty Vengeance those  
Who durst thy Person, or thy Laws expose.  
The cursed Refuse of Mankind, and Hell's proud Seed  
Now to the unbelieving Nations show,  
Thou art a God from all Eternity ;  
Not Titular, or but by Office so ;  
And let 'em the mysterious Union see,  
Of human Nature with the Deity.

### XIII. With

## XIII.

With mighty Transports, yet with awful Fear,  
The Good behold this glorious Sight,  
Their God in all his Majesty appear,  
Ineffable, amazing Bright,  
And seated on a Throne of everlasting Light.  
Round the Tribunal, next to the most High,  
In sacred Discipline and Order stand,  
The Peers and Princes of the Sky,  
As they excel in Glory or Command.  
Upon the Right Hand that Illustrious Croud,  
In the white Bosom of a shining Cloud,  
Whose Souls abhorring all ignoble Crimes,  
Did with a steady Course pursue  
Holy Precepts, in the worst of Times;  
Maugre what Earth, or Hell, what Men or Devils  
[cou'd do.  
And now that God they did to Death adore,  
For whom such Torments & such Pains they bore,  
Returns to place them on those Thrones above,  
Where undisturb'd, uncloy'd, they will possess  
Divine substantial Happiness,  
Unbounded as his Pow'r, and lasting as his Love.

XIV. Go

## XIV.

Go bring, the Judge impartial frowning cries,  
Those Rebel Sons, who did my Laws despise;  
Whom neither Threat, nor Promises cou'd move,  
Not all my Sufferings, nor all my Love,  
To save themselves from everlasting Miseries.  
At this ten Millions of Archangels flew  
Swifter than Lightning, or the swiftest Thought,  
And less than in an instant brought,  
The wretched, curs'd Infernal Crew,  
Who with distorted Aspects come,  
To hear their sad intolerable Doom.  
Alas! they cry, one Beam of Mercy show,  
Thou all-forgiving Deity!  
To pardon Crimes is natural to thee;  
Crush us to nothing, or suspend our woe:  
But if it cannot, cannot be,  
And we must go into a Gulph of Fire,  
(For who can with Omnipotence contend?  
Grant, for thou art a God, it may at last expire,  
And all our Tortures have an end.

Eternal



Eternal Burnings, O we cannot bear !  
Tho' now our Bodies too Immortal are,  
Let 'em be pungent to the last degree ;  
And let our Pains innumerable be,  
But let 'em not extend to all Eternity.

## XV.

Who now there does no place remain  
For Penitence and Tears, but all  
Must by their Actions stand or fall :  
To hope for pity is in vain,  
The Dye is cast, and not to be recall'd again.  
Two mighty Books are by two Angels brought  
In this, impartially Recorded, stands  
The Laws of Nature, and Divine Commands,  
In that each Action, Word and Thought,  
Whate'er was said in secret, or in secret wrought.  
Then first the Virtuous, and the Good,  
Who all the Fury of Temptation stood,  
And bravely pass'd thro' Ignominy, Chains & Blood;  
Attended by their Guardian Angels, come  
To the tremendous Bar of Final Doom.

80      *On the General Conflagration,*

In vain the grand Accuser, railing brings,  
A long Indictment of enormous Things;  
Whose guilt wip'd off by penitential Tears,  
And their Redeemer's Blood and Agonies,  
No more to their astonishment appears,  
But in the secret Womb of dark Oblivion lies.

XVI.

Come now, my Friends, he cries, ye Sons of Grace,  
Partakers once of all my wrongs and shame,  
Despis'd and hated for my Name.  
Come to your Saviour's, and your God's Embrace!  
Ascend, and those bright Diadems possess,  
For you by my Eternal Father made,  
E'er the Foundation of the World was laid;  
And that surprising Happiness.  
Immense as my own Godhead, and will ne'er be less.  
For when I languishing in Prison lay,  
Naked and starv'd almost for want of Bread,  
You did your kindly Visits pay,  
Both cloath'd my Body, and my Hunger fed.

Wearied

Wearied with Sickness, or oppress'd with Grief,  
Your hand was always ready to supply  
Whate'er I wanted, you were always by,  
To share my Sorrows, or to give Relief.  
In all Distress, so tender was your Love,  
I cou'd no anxious Trouble bear,  
No black Misfortune, or vexatious Care,  
But you were still impatient to remove,  
And mourn'd your charitable Hand should unsuccess-  
[cessful prove.  
All this you did, tho' not to me  
In Person, yet to mine in Misery ;  
And shall for ever live  
In all the Glories that a God can give,  
Or a created Being is able to receive.

## XVII.

At this the Architects Divine on high  
Innumerable Thrones of Glory raise,  
On which they, in appointed Order, place  
The human Coheirs of Eternity ;  
And with united Hymns the God Incarnate praise!

O Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,  
Eternal God, Almighty One,  
Be thou for ever, and be thou alone,  
By all thy Creatures constantly ador'd !  
Ineffable coequal Three,  
Who from Nonentity gave Birth  
To Angels, and to Men, to Heav'n and Earth ;  
Yet always was thy self, and will for ever be.  
But for thy Mercy, we had ne'er possess'd  
These Thrones, and this immense Felicity,  
Cou'd ne'er have been so infinitely Blest :  
Therefore all Glory, Pow'r, Dominion, Majesty,  
To thee, O Lamb of God, to thee,  
For ever longer, longer than for ever be.

## XVII.

Then the Incarnate Godhead turns his Face  
To those upon the Left, and cries,  
(Almighty Vengeance flashing in his Eyes)  
Ye impious, unbelieving Race,  
To those eternal Torments go,  
Prepar'd for those Rebellious Sons of Light,  
In burning Darkness, and in flaming Night ;

Whi



Which shall no limit or cessation know,  
But always are extreme, and always will be so.

The final Sentence pass'd, a dreadful Cloud,  
Inclosing all the miserable Crowd,

A mighty hurricane of Thunder rose,

And hurl'd 'em all into a Lake of Fire,

Which, never, never, never, can expire;

The vast Abyfs of endless Woes.

Whilst with their God, the Righteous mount

[on high,

In glorious Triumph passing thro' the Sky,

To Joys immense, and everlasting Extasie.

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A  
Pastoral ESSAY  
ON THE  
DEATH

Of our late Gracious  
Queen M A R Y.

**A**S gentle *Strephon* to his Fold convey'd  
A wandring Lamb, which from the Flocks  
Beneath a mournful *Cyprus* Shade, he found  
[had stray'd,  
*Cosmelia* weeping on the dewy Ground.  
Amaz'd, with eager Haste, he ran to know  
The fatal Cause of her intemp'rate Woe ;  
And clasping her to his impatient Breast,  
In these soft words his tender Care express'd.

*Strephon*

*Strephon.*

Why mourns my dear *Cosmelia*, why appears  
My Life, my Soul, dissolv'd in briny Tears?  
Has some fierce Tyger thy lov'd Heifer slain,  
While I was on the Neighbouring Plain,  
Or has some greedy Wolf devour'd thy Sheep;  
What sad Misfortune makes *Cosmelia* weep?  
Speak, that I may prevent thy Griefs increase;  
Partake thy Sorrows, or restore thy Peace.

*Cosmelia.*

Do you not hear from far that mournful Bell?  
'Tis for --- I cannot the sad Tydings tell.  
Oh, whither are my fainting Spirits fled!  
'Tis for *Cælestia*, *Strephon*, Oh, she's dead!  
The brightest Nymph, the Princess of the Plain,  
By an untimely Dart, untimely slain.

*Strephon.*

Dead! 'tis impossible, she cannot die,  
She's too Divine, too much a Deity;  
'Tis a false Rumour some ill Swains have spread,  
Who wish perhaps the good *Cælestia* dead.

*Cosmelia.*

Ah! No the Truth in ev'ry Face appears,  
 For ev'ry Face you meet's o'erflow'd with Tears.  
 Trembling, and Pale, I ran thro' all the Plain,  
 From Flock to Flock, and ask'd of ev'ry Swain;  
 But each, scarce lifting his dejected Head,  
 Cry'd, Oh, *Cosmelia*! Oh, *Cælestia*'s Dead!

*Strephon.*

Something was meant by that ill-boading Croak }  
 Of the Prophetick Raven from the Oak, }  
 Which strait by Lightning was in Shivers broke. }  
 But we our mischief feel, before we see,  
 Seiz'd and o'er whelm'd at once with Misery.

*Cosmelia.*

Since then we have no Trophies to bestow,  
 No pompous Things to make a glorious Show,  
 (For all the Tribute a poor Swain can bring,  
 In Rural Numbers, is to Mourn and Sing;)   
 Let us beneath the gloomy Shade rehearse  
*Cælestia*'s sacred Praise in no less sacred Verse.

*Strephon.*



*Strephon.*

*Cælestia* dead! then 'tis in vain to live;  
What's all the Comforts that these Plains can give?  
Since she, by whose bright Influence alone  
Our Flocks increas'd, and we rejoyc'd, is gone.  
Since she, who round such Beams of Goodness spread  
As gave new Life to ev'ry Swain, is dead.

*Cosmelia.*

In vain we wish for the delightful Spring,  
What Joys can flow'ry *May*, or *April* Bring,  
When she, for whom the spacious Plains were spread  
With early Flowers, and chearful Greens, is dead?  
In vain did courtly *Damon* warm the Earth,  
To give to Summer Fruits a Winter Birth,  
In vain we Autumn wait, which crowns the Fields  
With wealthy Crops, and various Plenty yields:  
Since that fair Nymph, for whom the boundless Store  
Of Nature was preserv'd, is now no more.

*Strephon.*

Farewel for ever then to all that's gay,  
You will forget to sing, and I to play.

No more with chearful Songs in cooling Bow'rs,  
 Shall we consume the pleasurable Hours.  
 All Joys are banish'd, all Delights are fled,  
 Ne'er to return, now fair *Cælestia*'s dead.

*Cosmelia.*

If e'er I sing, they shall be mournful Lays  
 Of great *Cælestia*'s Name, *Cælestia*'s Praise;  
 How good she was, how generous how wise!  
 How beautiful her Shape, how bright her Eyes!  
 How charming all, how much she was ador'd  
 Alive, when dead, how much her loss deplor'd  
 A noble Theam, and able to inspire  
 The humblest Muse with the sublimest Fire.  
 And since we do of such a Princess sing,  
 Let ours ascend upon a stronger Wing;  
 And while we do the lofty Numbers joyn,  
 Her Name will make the harmony Divine.  
 Raise then thy tuneful Voice, and be thy Song  
 Sweet, as her Temper, as her Virtue strong.

*Strephon.*

When her great Lord to foreign Wars was gone,  
 And left *Cælestia* here to Rule alone,

With

With how serene a Brow, how void of Fear  
When Storms arose, did she the Vessel steer?  
And, when the raging of the Waves did cease,  
How gentle was her Sway in times of Peace?  
Justice and Mercy did their Beams unite,  
And round her Temples spread a glorious Light.  
So quick she eas'd the Wrongs of every Swain,  
She hardly gave them leisure to complain.  
Impatient to Reward, but slow to draw  
Th' avenging Sword of necessary Law.  
Like Heav'n she took no pleasure to destroy,  
With grief she punish'd, and she sav'd with joy.

*Cosmelia.*

When God-like *Belleger* from War's alarms  
Return'd in Triumph to *Cælestia's* Arms,  
She met her Hero with a full Desire,  
But chaste as Light, and vigorous as Fire.  
Such mutual Flames, so equally Divine,  
Did in each Breast with such a lustre shine,  
His cou'd not seem the greater, hers the less:  
Both were immense, for both were in excess.

*Strephon.*

*Strephon.*

Oh, God-like Princess! Oh, thrice happy Swains!  
 While she presided o'er the fruitful Plains;  
 While she for ever ravish'd from our Eyes,  
 To mingle with her Kindred of the Skies,  
 Did for your Peace her constant Thoughts employ,  
 The Nymph's good Angel, and the Shepherd's Joy.

*Cosmelia.*

All that was Noble beautify'd her Mind;  
 There Wisdom sat, with solid Reason joyn'd;  
 There too did Piety and Greatness wait,  
 Meekness on Grandeur, Modesty on State:  
 Humble amidst the Splendours of a Throne;  
 Plac'd above all, and yet despising none.  
 And when a Crown was forc'd on her by Fate,  
 She with some pain submitted to be Great.

*Strephon.*

Her pious Soul with emulation strove  
 To gain the mighty *Pan*'s important Love:  
 To whose mysterious Rites she always came,  
 With such an active, so intense a Flame,

The



The Duties of Religion seem'd to be  
Not more her Case than her Felicity.

*Cosmelia.*

Virtue unmixt, without the least allay,  
Pure as the light of a Celestial Ray,  
Commanded all the Motions of her Soul,  
With such a soft, but absolute Controul,  
That as she knew what best great *Pan* wou'd please,  
She still perform'd it with the greatest ease.  
Him for her high Exemplar she design'd,  
Like him Benevolent to all Mankind.  
Her Foes she pitied, nor desir'd their Blood,  
And to revenge their Crimes, she did them good:  
Nay, all Affronts, so unconcern'd she bore,  
(Maugre that violent temptation Pow'r,)  
As if she thought it vulgar to resent,  
Or wish'd Forgiveness their worst Punishment.

*Strephon.*

Next mighty *Pan*, was her Illustrious Lord,  
His high Vicegerent, sacredly Ador'd:  
Him with such Piety and Zeal she lov'd,  
The noble Passion ev'ry hour improv'd,

Till

Till it ascended to that glorious Hight,  
 'Twas next, (if only next) to Infinite.  
 This made her so entire a Duty pay,  
 She grew at last impatient to obey,  
 And met his wishes with as prompt a Zeal,  
 As an Archangel his Creator's Will.

*Cosmelia.*

Mature for Heav'n, the fatal Mandate came,  
 With it a Chariot of Etherial Flame,  
 In which, *Elijah* like, she pass'd the Spheres;  
 Brought Joy to Heav'n, but left the World in Tears.

*Strephon.*

Methinks I see her on the Plains of Light,  
 All Glorious, all incomparable Bright !  
 While the immortal Minds around her gaze  
 On the excessive Splendour of her Rays,  
 And scarce believe a human Soul cou'd be  
 Endow'd with such stupendious Majesty.

*Cosmelia.*

Who can lament too much? Oh! who can mourn  
 Enough o'er beautiful *Cælestia's* Urn !

So great a loss as this deserves excess  
Of Sorrow, all's too little, that is less.  
But to supply the universal Woe,  
Tears from all Eyes, without cessation, flow :  
All that have pow'r to weep, or voice to groan,  
With throbbing Breasts *Cælestia's* Fate bemoan : —  
While Marble Rocks the common Grievs partake,  
And Eccho back those Cries they cannot make.

*Strephon.*

Weep then (once fruitful) Vales, and spring  
[with Yew ;  
Ye thirsty barren Mountains, weep with Dew,  
Let ev'ry Flow'r on this extended Plain  
Not droop, but shrink into its Womb again,  
Ne'er to receive anew its yearly Birth ;  
Let ev'ry thing that's graceful leave the Earth.  
Let mournful Cyprus, with each noxious Weed,  
And baleful Venoms in their place succeed.  
Ye purling querulous Brooks, o'ercharg'd with Grief,  
Haste swiftly to the Sea for more Relief ;  
Then Tiding back each to his Sacred Head,  
Tell your astonish'd Springs, *Cælestia's* dead.

*Cosmelia.*

*Cosmelia.*

Well have you sung in an exalted strain,  
 The fairest Nymph e'er grac'd the *British* Plain.  
 Who knows but some officious Angel may  
 Your grateful Numbers to her Ears convey;  
 That she may smile upon us from above,  
 And bless our mournful Plains with Peace and Love.

*Strephon.*

But see, our Flocks do to their Folds repair,  
 For Night with sable Clouds obscures the Air.  
 Cold damps descend from the unwholsom Sky,  
 And safety bids us to our Cottage fly.  
 Tho' with each Morn our Sorrows will return,  
 Each Ev'n, like Nightingal, we'll sing and mourn,  
 Till Death conveys us to the peaceful Urn.



T O

*His Friend under Affliction.*

**N**One lives in this tumultuous State of Things,  
 Where ev'ry Morning some new Trouble  
 But bold Inquietudes will break his rest, [brings,  
 And gloomy Thoughts disturb his anxious Breast.

Angelick Forms, and happy Spirits are

Above the Malice of perplexing Care :

But that's a Blessing too sublime, too high

For those who bend beneath Mortality.

If in the Body there was but one part

Subject to pain, and sensible to smart,

And but one Passion cou'd torment the Mind,

That Part, that Passion busie Fate wou'd find.

But since Infirmities in both abound.

Since Sorrow both so many ways can wound,

'Tis not so great a wonder that we grieve

Sometimes, as 'tis a miracle we live.

The

96     *To his Friend under Affliction.*

The happiest Man that ever breath'd on Earth,  
 With all the Glories of Estate and Birth,  
 Had yet some anxious Care to make him know  
 No Grandeur was above the reach of Woe.  
 To be from all things that disquiet, free,  
 Is not consistent with Humanity.  
 Youth, Wit, and Beauty, are such charming things,  
 O'er which, if Affluence spreads her gaudy Wings,  
 We think the Person, who enjoys so much,  
 No Care can move, and no Affliction touch.  
 Yet cou'd we but some secret method find  
 To view the dark Recesses of the Mind,  
 We there might see the hidden Seeds of Strife,  
 And Woes in Embrio rip'ning into Life;  
 How some fierce Lust, or boisterous Passion, fills  
 The labouring Spirit with prolific Ills:  
 Pride, Envy, or Revenge, distract his Soul,  
 And all Right-reason's God-like Pow'rs controul.  
 But if she must not be allow'd to sway,  
 Tho' all without appears serene and gay,  
 A cankerous Venom on the Vitals preys,  
 And poisons all the Comforts of his Days.

Eternal

External Pomp, and visible Success,  
Sometimes contribute to our Happiness;  
But that, which makes it genuine refin'd,  
Is a good Conscience, and a Soul resign'd:  
Then, to whatever End affliction's sent,  
To try our Virtues, or for Punishment,  
We bear it calmly, tho' a pond'rous Woe,  
And still adore the Hand that gives the blow,  
For in Misfortunes this advantage lies,  
They make us humble, and they make us wise,  
And he that can acquire such Virtues, gains  
An ample Recompence for all his pains.

Too soft Caresses of a prosperous Fate  
The pious Fervours of the Soul abate;  
Tempt to luxurious Ease our careless Days,  
And gloomy Vapours round the Spirits raise.  
Thus lull'd into a sleep, we dosing lie,  
And find our Ruin in Security;  
Unless some Sorrow comes to our Relief,  
And breaks th' Inchantment by a timely Grief.

98      *To his Friend under Affliction.*

But as we are allow'd, to chear our fight,  
 In blackest Days, some glimmerings of Light :  
 So in the most dejected Hours we may  
 The secret Pleasure have to weep and pray.  
 And those Requests the speediest passage find  
 To Heav'n, which flow from an afflicted Mind :  
 And while to him we open our Distress,  
 Our Pains grow lighter, and our Sorrows less.  
 The finest Musick of the Grove, we owe  
 To mourning *Phylomel's* harmonious Woe ;  
 And while her Grief's in charming Notes exprest,  
 A Thorny Bramble pricks her tender Breast:  
 In warbling Melody she spends the Night,  
 And moves at once compassion and delight.

No choice had e'er so happy an Event,  
 But he that made it, did that choice repent.  
 So weak's our Judgment, and so short's our sight,  
 We cannot level our own Wishes right :  
 And if sometimes we make a wise advance,  
 Our selves we little owe, but much to chance.



So that when Providence, for secret Ends,  
Corroding Cares, or sharp Affliction sends,  
We must conclude it best it shou'd be so,  
And not desponding, or impatient grow.  
For he that will his confidence remove,  
From boundless Wisdom, and eternal Love,  
To place it on himself, or human Aid,  
Will meet those Woes he labours to evade.  
But in the keenest Agonies of Grief,  
Content's a Cordial that still gives Relief.  
Heav'n is not always angry when he strikes,  
But most Chastises those whom most he likes,  
And if with humble Spirits they complain,  
Relieves the Anguish, or rewards the Pain.

---

A

# Prospect of Death.

## A Pindarick ESSAY.

-----*Omneis una manet nox,*  
*Et calcanda semel via Leti.* Hor.

I.

**S**inee we can die but once, and after Death  
Our State no alteration knows ;  
But, when we have resign'd our Breath,  
Th' immortal Spirit goes  
To endless Joys, or everlasting Woes.  
Wise is that Man who labours to secure  
The mighty, and important Stake;  
And, by all methods, strives to make  
His passage safe, and his reception sure.

Merely

Merely to die no Man of Reason fears,

For certainly we must,

As we are born, return to dust :

'Tis the last Point of many lingring years.

But whither then we go,

Wither, we fain wou'd know ;

But human Understanding cannot show.

This makes us tremble, and creates

Strange apprehensions in the Mind ;

Fills it with restless Doubts, and wild Debates

Concerning what, we living, cannot find.

None know what Death is, but the Dead,

Therefore we all by Nature dying dread,

As a strange, doubtful way, we know not how to  
[ tread.

II.

When to the Margin of the Grave we come,

And scarce have one black painful hour to live,

No hopes, no prospect of a kind reprieve,

To stop our speedy passage to the Tomb.

*A Prospect of Death.*

How moving, and how mournful is the sight,  
 How wondrous pitiful, how wondrous sad ;  
 Where then is Refuge, where is Comfort to be had,  
 In the dark Minutes of the dreadful Night,  
 To cheer our drooping Souls for their amazing flight?  
 Feeble and languishing, in Bed we lie,  
 Despairing to recover, void of rest,  
 Wishing for Death, and yet afraid to die :

Terrors and Doubts distract our Breast,  
 With mighty Agonies, and mighty Pains oppress.

## III.

Our Face is moisten'd with a clammy Sweat ;  
 Faint and irregular the Pulses beat ;  
 The Blood unactive grows,  
 And thickens as it flows,  
 Depriv'd of all its Vigour, all its vital Heat.  
 Our dying Eyes roul heavily about,  
 Their Light just going out ;  
 And for some kind assistance call,  
 But pitty, useless pitty's all.



Our weeping Friends can give,  
Or we receive ;  
Tho' their Desires are great, their Pow'rs are small,  
The Tongue's unable to declare  
The Pains, the Grievs, the Miseries we bear ;  
How insupportable our Torments are,  
Musick no more delights our deaf'ning Ears,  
Restores our Joys, or dissipates our Fears ;  
But all is melancholy, all is sad,  
In Robes of deepest Mourning clad ;  
For ev'ry Faculty, and ev'ry Sense,  
Partakes the Woe of this dire Exigence.

IV.

Then we are sensible, too late,  
'Tis no advantage to be Rich or Great :  
For all the fulsom Pride, and Pageantry of State,  
No consolation brings.  
Riches and Honours, then are useless things,  
Tastless, or bitter all ;  
And, like the Book which the Apostle eat,  
To the ill-judging Palate sweet ;  
But turn at last to nauseousness and gall.

Nothing will then our drooping Spirits cheer,  
But their remembrance of good Actions past.  
Virtue's a Joy that will for ever last,  
And makes pale Death less terrible appear;  
Takes out his baneful Sting, and palliates our Fear.  
In the dark Anti-Chambers of the Grave  
What wou'd we give, ev'n all we have,  
All that our Cares, and Industry had gain'd,  
All that our Fraud, our Policy, our Art obtain'd,  
Cou'd we recall those fatal Hours again,  
Which we consum'd in senseless Vanities,  
Ambitious Follies, and Luxurious Ease;  
For then they urge our Terrors, and increase our Pain.

## V.

Our Friends and Relatives stand weeping by,  
Dissolv'd in Tears to see us die;  
And plunge into the deep Abyss of wide Eternity.  
In vain they mourn, in vain they grieve,  
Their Sorrows cannot ours relieve.

They

They pity our deplorable Estate,  
But what, alas, can pity do,  
To soften the decrees of Fate!  
Besides, the Sentence is irrevocable too.  
All their endeavours to preserve our Breath.  
Tho' they do unsuccessful prove,  
Show us how much, how tenderly they love,  
But cannot cut off the entail of Death.  
Mournful they look, and croud about our Bed,  
One with officious haste,  
Brings us a Cordial, we want Sense to taste:  
Another softly raises up our Head;  
This wipes away the Sweat, that, sighing cries,  
See what Convulsions, what strong Agonies,  
Both Soul and Body undergo!  
His Pains no intermission know;  
For ev'ry gasp of Air he draws, returns in sighs.  
Each wou'd his kind assistance lend  
To serve his dear Relation, or his dearer Friend;  
But still in vain, with Destiny they all contend.

## VI.

Our Father, pale with grief and watching grown,  
Takes our cold hand in his, and cries Adieu,  
Adieu, my Child, now I must follow you.

Then weeps, and gently lays it down.

Our Sons, who in their tender Years,  
Were Objects of our Cares, and of our Fears,  
Come trembling to our Bed, and kneeling cry,  
Bless us, O Father ! now before you die ;  
Bless us, and be you blest to all Eternity.

Our Friend, whom equal to our selves we love,  
Compassionate and kind,

Cries, will you leave me here behind,  
Without me fly, to the blest Seats above ?

Without me, did I say, ah no !

Without thy Friend thou can'st not go :  
For tho' thou leav'st me grov'ling here below,  
My Soul with thee shall upward fly,  
And bear thy Spirit company,

Thro' the bright Passage of the yielding Sky,



*A Prospect of Death.*

107.

Ev'n Death that parts thee from thy self, shall be  
Incapable to separate  
(For 'tis not in the Power of Fate)  
My Friend, my best, my dearest Friend, and me:  
But since it must be so, Farewel  
For ever! No; for we shall meet agen,  
And live like Gods, tho' now we die like Men,  
In the eternal Regions, where just Spirits dwell.

VII.

The Soul, unable longer to maintain  
The fruitless and unequal Strife,  
Finding her weak Endeavours vain,  
To keep the Counterscarps of Life,  
By slow degrees retires toward the Heart,  
And fortifies that little Fort  
With all the kind Artilleries of Art;  
Botanick Legions guarding ev'ry Port,  
But Death, whose Arms no mortal can repel,  
A formal Siege disdains to lay,  
Summons his fierce Battalions to the fray,  
And in a minute storms the feeble Cittadel,

Some-

Sometimes we may capitulate, and he  
Pretends to make a solid Peace,  
But 'tis all sham, all artifice;  
That we may negligent and careless be:  
For if his Armies are withdrawn to day,  
And we believe no danger near,  
But all is peaceable, and all is clear,  
His Troops return some unsuspected way.  
While in the soft Embrace of Sleep we lie,  
The secret Murd'ers stab us, and we die.

## VIII.

Since our first Parents Fall,  
Inevitable Death descends on all,  
A Portion none of human Race can miss,  
But that which makes it sweet, or bitter, is  
The fears of Misery, or certain hopes of Bliss:  
For when the Impenitent and Wicked die,  
Loaded with Crimes, and Infamy,  
If any Sense at that sad time remains,  
They feel amazing Terrors, mighty Pains,

The earnest of that vast stupendious Woe,  
Which they to all Eternity must undergo :  
Confin'd in Hell with everlasting Chains.

Infernal Spirits hover in the Air,  
Like rav'nous Wolves, to seize upon the prey,  
And hurry the departed Souls away  
To the dark Receptacles of Despair ;  
Where they must dwell till that tremendous Day  
When the loud Trump shall call them to appear  
Before a Judge most terrible, and most severe :

By whose just Sentence they must go  
To everlasting Pains, and endless Woe.

## IX.

But the good Man, whose Soul is pure,  
Unspotted, regular, and free  
From all the ugly stains of Lust, and Villany,  
Of Mercy, and of Pardon sure ;  
Looks thro' the Darknes of the gloomy Night,  
And sees the dawning of a glorious Day ;  
Sees crouds of Angels ready to convey  
His Soul, whene'er she takes her flight,  
To the surprising Mansions of immortal Light.

Then

Then the Celestial Guards around him stand,  
Nor suffer the black Demons of the Air  
T' oppose his Passage to the promis'd Land;  
Or terrifie his Thoughts with wild Despair,  
But all is calm within, and all without is fair.  
His Prayers, his Charity, his Virtues press,  
To plead for Mercy, when he wants it most;  
Not one of all the happy Number's lost;  
And those bright Advocates ne'er want success.  
But when the Soul's releas'd from dull Mortality,  
She passes up in triumph thro' the Sky,  
Where she's united to a glorious Throng  
Of Angels, who with a Celestial Song,  
Congratulate her Conquest as she flies along.

## X.

If therefore all must quit the Stage,  
When or how soon we cannot know,  
But late or early, we are sure to go;  
In the fresh Bloom of Youth, or wither'd Age;  
We cannot take too sedulous a Care,  
In this important, grand Affair.



*A Prospect of Death.*

111

For as we die, we must remain,

Hereafter all our hopes are vain,

To make our Peace with Heav'n, or to return again.

The Heathen, who no better understood

Than what the Light of Nature taught, declar'd

No future Misery cou'd be prepar'd,

For the Sincere, the Merciful, the Good ;

But, if there was a State of rest,

They shou'd with the same Happiness be blest,

As the immortal Gods, if Gods there were, possess.

We have the promise of Eternal Truth,

Those who live well, and pious Paths pursue,

To Man, and to their Maker true,

Let 'em expire in Age, or Youth,

Can never miss

Their way to everlasting Bliss :

But from a World of Misery and Care,

To Mansions of eternal Ease repair :

Where Joy in full Perfection flows,

No interruption, no cessation knows,

But in a mighty Circle round for ever goes.

DIANA

# DIANA

## OXONII & ELGINI

### COMITISSA.

*Quæ.*

**I**llustri orta Sanguine, Sanguinem Illustravit,  
Ceciliorum Meritis Clara, suis Clarissima;

*Ut quæ nesciret minor esse Maximis.*

*Vitam ineuntem Innocentia,*

*Procedentem ampla Virtutum cohors.*

*Exeuntem Mors Beatissima decoravit.*

*(Volente Numine)*

*Ut nusquam deesset aut Virtus aut Felicitas.*

*Duobus conjuncta Maritis*

*Utrique charissima:*

*Primum*

*Primum*

( *Quem ad Annam habuit* )

*Impense dilexit :*

*Secundum*

( *Quem ad Annos viginti quatuor* )

*Tanta Pietate, & Amore coluit ;*

*Ut Cui, vivens,*

*Obsequium tanquam Patri præstitit ;*

*Moriens ?*

*Patrimonium tanquam Filio reliquit.*

*Noverca cum esset,*

*Maternam Pietatem facile Superavit.*

*Famulitii adeo Mitem Prudentemq ; curam gessit,*

*Ut non tam Domina Familiæ præesse,*

*Quam Anima Corpori inesse videretur.*

*Deniq ;*

*Cum Pudico, Humili, Forti, Sancto Animo,*

*Virginibus, Conjugibus, Viduis, omnibus*

*Exemplum consecrasset Integerrimum ;*

*Terris Anima Major, ad Similes evolavit Supero.*

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# D I A N A

## Countess of *Oxford and Elgin.*

**W**HO from a Race of noble Hero's came,  
 And added Lustre to its Antient Fame :  
 Round her the Virtues of the *Cecils* shone,  
 But with inferiour Brightness to her own ;  
 Which she refin'd to that sublime degree,  
 The greatest Mortal cou'd not greater be.  
 Each Stage of Life peculiar Splendor had ;  
 Her tender Years with Innocence were clad,  
 Maturer grown, whate'er was brave and good  
 In the Retinue of her Virtues stood :  
 And at the final period of her Breath,  
 She crown'd her Life with a propitious Death.  
 That no occasion might be wanting here  
 To make her Virtues fam'd, or Joys sincere.



*Diana Countess of Oxford and Elgin.* 115

Two noble Lords her Genial Bed possess,  
A Wife to both the dearest, and the best.  
*Oxford* submitted in one Year to Fate,  
For whom her Passion was exceeding great.  
To *Elgin* full six *Lustra* were assign'd,  
And him she lov'd with so intense a Mind,  
That, living like a Father she obey'd,  
Dying, as to a Son, left all she had.  
When a Step Mother, she soon soar'd above  
The common height, ev'n of Maternal Love.  
She did her num'rous Family command  
With such a tender Care, so wise a Hand.  
She seem'd no otherwise a Mistress there  
Than God-like Souls in human Bodies are.  
But when to all she had Example shew'd,  
How to be great and humble, chaste and good,  
Her Soul for Earth too excellent, too high,  
Flew to its Peers, the Princes of the Sky.

TO A  
PAINTER,  
DRAWING

*DORINDA's Picture.*

**P**ainter, the utmost of thy Judgment show,  
Exceed even *Titian*, and great *Angello*;  
With all the liveliness of Thought, express  
The moving Features of *Dorinda's* Face.  
Thou canst not flatter, where such Beauty dwells;  
Her Charms thy Colours, and thy Art excels,  
Others less fair, may from thy Pensil have  
Graces, which sparing Nature never gave:  
But in *Dorinda's* Aspect thou wilt see  
Such as will pose thy famous Art, and thee:  
So great, so many in her Face unite,  
So well proportion'd, and so wond'rous bright;  
No human Skill can e'er express 'em all,  
But must do wrong to th' fair Original.

*To a Painter drawing Dorinda's Picture.* 117

An Angels Hand alone the Pensil fits,  
To mix the Colours, when an Angel fits.

Thy Picture may as like *Dorinda* be,  
As Art of Man can paint a Deity ;  
And justly may perhaps, when she withdraws,  
Excite our wonder, and deserve applause :  
But when compar'd, you'll be oblig'd to own,  
No Art can equal, what's by Nature done.  
Great *Lilly's* noble Hand, excell'd by few,  
The Picture fairer than the Person drew :  
He took the best that Nature cou'd impart,  
And made it better by his pow'rful Art,  
But had he seen that bright surprising Grace,  
Which spreads it self o'er all *Dorinda's* Face,  
Vain had been all the Essays of his Skill,  
She must have been confest the fairest still.

Heav'n in a Landskip may be wondrous fine,  
And look as bright as painted Light can shine,  
But still the real Glories of that Place  
All Art by infinite degrees surpass.

T O T H É  
P A I N T E R.

After he had Finish'd

*DORINDA's Picture.*

**P**Ainter, thou hast perform'd what Man can do,  
Only *Dorinda's* Self more Charms can shew.  
Bold are thy Stroaks, and delicate each Touch,  
But still the Beauties of her Face are such  
As cannot justly be describ'd; tho' all  
Confess 'tis like the bright Original.  
In her, and in thy Picture, we may view  
The utmost Nature, or that Art can do,  
Each is a Master-piece, Design'd so well,  
That future Times may strive to parallel,  
But neither Art nor Nature's able to excel.

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TO HIS  
FRIEND,  
INCLIN'D TO  
MARRY.

**I** Wou'd not have you, *Strephon*, chuse a Mate  
From too exalted, or too mean a State :  
For in both these, we may expect to find  
A creeping Spirit, or a haughty Mind.

Who moves within the middle Region, shares  
The least Disquiets, and the smallest Cares.

Let her Extraction with true Lustre shine,  
If something brighter, not too bright for thine.

Her Education liberal, not great,

Neither Inferiour, nor above her State.

Let her have Wit, but let that Wit be free  
From Affectation, Pride, and Pedantry :

For the effect of Womans Wit is such,  
Too little is as dangerous, as too much,

120 *To his Friend, inclin'd to Marry.*

But chiefly let her Humour close with thine,  
Unless where yours does to a Fault incline.  
The least Disparity in this destroys,  
Like sulph'rous Blasts, the very Buds of Joys.  
Her Person amiable, strait, and free  
From natural, or chance Deformity.  
Let not her Years exceed, if equal thine,  
For Women past their Vigour soon decline.  
Her Fortune competent, and if thy sight  
Can reach so far, take care 'tis gather'd right.  
If thine's enough, then hers may be the less,  
Do not aspire to Riches in excess;  
For that which makes our lives delightful prove,  
Is a genteel Sufficiency, and Love.

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ELEAZER's

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*ELEAZER's* Lamentation

O V E R

*Jerusalem.*

Paraphrased out of

JOSEPHUS.

S T A N Z A I.

**A** Las, *Jerusalem* ! Alas ! Where's now  
Thy Pristine Glory, thy unmatch'd Renown ?  
To which the Heathen Monarchys did bow,  
Ah hapless, miserable Town !  
Where's all thy Majesty, thy Beauty gone ? -  
Thou once most noble celebrated Place,  
The Joy, and the Delight of all the Earth ;  
Who gav'st to God-like Princes Birth,  
And bread up Hero's, an immortal Race.

Where's

122 *Eleazar's Lamentation over Jerufalem,*

Where's now thy vast Magnificence, which made

The Souls of Foreigners adore

Thy wond'rous Brightness, which no more  
Shall shine, but lie in an eternal Shade.

Oh Misery ! Where's all her mighty State,

Her splendid Train of numerous Kings,

Her noble Edifices, noble Things,

Which made her seem so eminently Great ?

That barb'rous Princes in her Gates appear'd,

And wealthy Presents, as their Tribute brought,

To court her Friendship, for her strength they fear'd,

And all her wide protection sought.

But now, ah, now they laugh, and cry,

See how her lofty Buildings lie,

See how her flaming Turrets guild the Sky !

II.

Where's all the Young, the Valiant, and the Gay

That on her Festivals were us'd to play

Harmonious Tunes, and beautifie the Day ?

The glittering Troops, which did from far

Bring home the Trophies, and the Spoils of War.

Whom



*Paraphras'd out of Josephus.* 123.

Whom all the Nations round with Terror view'd,  
Nor durst their God-like Valour try,  
Where-e'er they fought, they certainly subdu'd,  
And ev'ry combat gain'd a Victory.

Ah! where's the House of the Eternal King,  
The beauteous Temple of the Lord of Hosts,  
To whose large Treasuries our Fleets did bring  
The Gold, and Jewels of remotest Coasts ;  
There had the Infinite Creator plac'd

His terrible amazing Name.

And with his more peculiar Presence grac'd  
That Heav'nly *Sanctum*, where no mortal came,  
The High-Priest only, he but once a Year,  
In that Divine Apartment might appear :  
So full of Glory, and so sacred then,  
But now corrupted with the heaps of Slain,  
Which scatter'd round with Blood, defile the mighty  
[Fane.

III.

Alas *Jerusalem* ! each spacious Street  
Was once so fill'd, the numerous Throng  
Were forc'd to jostle as they pass'd along ;

And

124 *Eleazer's Lamentation over Jerusalem,*

And Thousands did with Thousands meet,  
The Darling then of God, and Man's belov'd retreat.  
In thee was the bright Throne of Justice fix'd,  
Justice Impartial, and with Fraud unmix'd.  
She scorn'd the Beauties of fallacious Gold,  
Despising the most wealthy Bribes ;  
But did the sacred Balance hold  
With God-like Faith to all our happy Tribes.  
Thy well-built Streets, and ev'ry noble Square,  
Were once with polish'd Marble laid,  
And all thy lofty Bull-works made  
With wond'rous Labour, and with artful Care.  
Thy pond'rous Gates, surprising to behold,  
Were cover'd o'er with solid Gold ;  
Whose Splendour did so glorious appear,  
It ravish'd and amaz'd the Eye ;  
And Strangers passing, to themselves wou'd cry,  
What mighty heaps of Wealth are here !  
How thick the Barrs of massy Silver lie ?  
O happy People ! and still happy be,  
Celestial City ! from Destruction free,  
May'st thou enjoy a long entire Prosperity.

IV. But

IV.

But now, Oh wretched, wretched Place!  
Thy Streets and Palaces are spread  
With heaps of Carcasses, and Mountains of the Dead:  
The bleeding Relicks of the *Jewish* Race:  
Each corner of the Town, no vacant space,  
But is with breathless Bodies fill'd;  
Some by the Sword, and some by Famine kill'd.  
Natives and Strangers are together laid,  
Death's Arrows all at random flew  
Amongst the Croud, and no distinction made,  
But both the Coward and the Valiant flew.  
All in one dismal Ruin joyn'd,  
(For Swords and Pestilence are blind,)  
The Fair, the Good, the Brave, no mercy find:  
Those that from far, with joyful haste,  
Came to attend thy Festival,  
Of the same bitter Potion taste,  
And by the black destructive Poison fall  
For the avenging Sentence pass'd on all,

Oh!

126 *Eleazar's Lamentation over Jerufalem,*

Oh! See how the delight of human Eyes

In horrid Defolation lies!

See how the burning Ruins flame,

Nothing now left, but a sad empty Name;

And the triumphant Victor cries,

This was the fam'd *Jerufalem*!

V.

The most obdurate Creature must

Be griev'd to fee thy Palaces in Duft,

Thofe antient Habitations of the Juft:

And cou'd the Marble Rocks but know

The Mis'ries of thy fatal overthrow,

They'd ftrove to find fome fecret way unknown,

Maugre the fenfless Nature of the Stone,

Their pity, and concern to fhew.

For now, where lofty Buildings flood,

Thy Sons corrupted Carcaffes are laid;

And all by this Destruction made

One common *Golgotha*, one Field of Blood.

See! how thofe antient Men, which rul'd thy State,

And made thee happy, made thee great,

Who



Who sat upon the awful Chair  
Of mighty *Moses*, in long Scarlet clad,  
The good to cherish, and chastise the bad;  
Now sit in the corrupted Air,  
In silent Melancholy, and in sad Despair!  
See! how their murder'd Children round 'em lie!  
Ah dismal Scene! Hark how they cry!  
Woe! woe! woe! One Beam of Mercy give,  
Good Heav'n! Alas, we wou'd live!  
Be pityful, and suffer us to die!

Thus they lament, thus beg for ease,  
While in their feeble aged Arms they hold  
The Bodies of the Off-spring, stiff and cold,  
To guard 'em from the rav'nous Savages:  
Till their increasing Sorrows Death perswade  
(For Death must sure with pity see  
The horrid Desolation he has made)  
To put a period to their Misery.

Thy wretched Daughters that survive,  
Are by the Heathen kept alive  
Only to gratifie their Lust,  
And then be mixt with common Dust.

Oh

128 Eleazer's *Lamentation over Jerusalem*,

Oh! insupportable, stupendious Woe!

What shall we do? Ah! whither shall we go?

Down to the Grave, down to those happy Shades  
[below!

Where all our brave Progenitors are blest

With endless Triumphs, and eternal Rest.

VI.

But who without a Flood of Tears can see

Thy mournful sad Catastrophe?

Who can behold thy glorious Temple lie

In Ashes, and not be in pain to die?

Unhappy, dear *Jerusalem*! thy Woes

Have rais'd my Griefs to such a vast excess,

Their mighty Weight no mortal knows,

Thought cannot comprehend, or words express;

Nor can they possibly, while I survive, be less.

Good Heav'n had been extremely kind,

If it had struck me dead, or struck me blind,

Before this cursed Time, this worst of Days!

Is Death quite tir'd, are all his Arrows spent?

If not, why then so many dull delays?

Quick, quick, let the obliging Dart be sent!

Nay,

Nay, at me only let ten Thousands fly,  
Whoe'er shall wretchedly survive, that I  
    May, happily, be sure to die.  
Yet still we live, live in excess of pain,  
    Our Friends and Relatives are slain ;  
    Nothing but Ruins round us see,  
Nothing but Desolation, Woe, and Misery !  
Nay, while we thus with bleeding Hearts complain.

    Our Enemies without prepare  
Their direful Engins to pursue the War ;  
And you must slavishly preserve your Breath,  
Or seek for freedom in the Arms of Death.

VII.

Thus then resolve, nor tremble at the thought,  
    Can Glory be too dearly bought ?  
Since the Almighty Wisdom has Decreed  
That we, and all our Progeny, shou'd bleed,  
It shall be after such a noble way,  
Succeeding Ages will with wonder view,  
    What brave Despair compell'd us to :  
No, we will ne'er survive another Day.

130 *Eleazer's Lamentation over Jerusalem,*

Bring then your Wives, your Children, all

That's valuable, good, or Dear,

With ready hands, and place 'em here ;

They shall unite in one vast Funeral.

I know your Courages are truly brave,

And dare do any thing, but ill :

Who wou'd an aged Father save,

That he may live in Chains, and be a Slave,

Or for remorseless Enemies to kill ?

Let your bold Hands then give the fatal Blow ;

For what at any other time wou'd be

The dire Effect of Rage and Cruelty,

Is Mercy, Tendernefs, and Pity now,

This then perform'd, we'll to the Battle fly,

And there amidst our slaughter'd Foes expire.

If 'tis Revenge, and Glory you desire,

Now you may have them, if you dare but die ;

Nay more, ev'n Freedom, and Eternity.

U P O N



UPON THE  
**Divine Attributes.**  
A Pindarick ESSAY.

Ἔς ἐστὶ Θεός

Ὅς ἔργον τέλει καὶ γαίαν μακροῖν.

*Soph.*

*Unity. Eternity.*

I.

[began  
**W** Hence sprung this glorious Frame, or when  
Things to Exist, they cou'd not always be?  
To what stupendious Energy  
Shall we ascribe the Origin of Man?  
That Cause, from which all Beings else arose,  
Must Self-existent be alone,  
Intirely perfect, and but one!

Nor Equal, nor Superiour knows ;  
Two firsts, in reason, we can ne'er suppose.  
If that insulse Opinion we allow,  
That once there absolutely nothing was,  
Then nothing cou'd be now :  
For by what Instrument, or how  
Shall Non-Existence to Existence pass ?  
Thus something must from everlasting be,  
Or Matter, or a Deity.

If Matter only uncreate we grant,  
We shall Volition, Wit, and Reason want ;  
An Agent Infinite, and Action free,  
Whence does Volition, whence does Reason flow ?  
How came we to Reflect, Design, and Know ?  
This from a nobler Nature springs,  
Distinct in Essence from Material Things ;  
For thoughtless Matter cannot Thought bestow.

But if we own a God Supreme,  
And all Perfections possible in him :  
In him does boundless Excellence reside,  
Pow'r to Create, and Providence to Guide.

Unmade himself, cou'd no beginning have,  
But to all Substance prime Existence gave;  
Can what he will destroy, and what he pleases save.

*Power.*

II.

The undesigning Hand of giddy Chance,  
Cou'd never fill with Globes of Light,  
So beautiful, and so amazing Bright,  
The lofty Concave of the vast Expanse;  
These cou'd proceed from no less Pow'r than Infinite,  
There's not one Atome of this wond'rous Frame,  
Nor Essence Intellectual, but took  
Existence, when the great Creator spoke,  
And from the common Womb of empty Nothing  
[came,  
Let Substance be, he cry'd, and strait arose  
Angelick, and Corporeal too,  
All that Material Nature shows,  
And what does Things invisible compose,  
At the same instant sprung, and into Being flew.

134     *Upon the Divine Attributes.*

Mount to the Convex of the highest Sphere,  
Which draws a mighty Circle round  
Th' interior Orbs, as their capacious Bound,  
There Millions of new Miracles appear ;  
There dwell the eldest Sons of Pow'r Immenſe,  
Who firſt were to Perfection wrought,  
Firſt to complete Exiſtence brought,  
To whom their Maker did diſpenſe  
The largeſt Portions of created Excellence.  
Eternal now, not of Neceſſity,  
As if they cou'd not ceaſe to be,  
Or were from poſſible Deſtruction free.  
But on the Will of God depend,  
For that, which cou'd begin, can end.  
Who, when the lower Worlds were made,  
Without the leaſt miſcarriage, or defect,  
By the Almighty Architect,  
United Adoration paid,  
And with Extatick Gratitude his Laws obey'd.



III.

Philosophy of Old, in vain essay'd  
To tell us, how this mighty Frame  
Into such beauteous Order came;  
But by false Reasonings, false Foundations laid,  
She labour'd hard, but still the more she wrought,  
The more was wilder'd in the Maze of Thought,  
Sometimes she fancy'd things to be  
Coequal with the Deity,  
And in the form, which now they are  
From everlasting Ages were.  
Sometimes the casual Event  
Of Atoms floating in a space Immense,  
Void of all Wisdom, Rule, and Sense,  
But, by a lucky Accident,  
Jumbl'd into this Scheme of wond'rous Excellence,  
'Twas an establish'd Article of old,  
Chief of the Philosophick Creed,  
And does in Natural Productions hold,  
That from mere nothing, nothing could proceed;

136      *Upon the Divine Attributes.*

Material Substance never cou'd have rose,  
If some Existence had not been before,  
In Wisdom Infinite, Immense in Power;  
Whate'er is made, a Maker must suppose,  
As an Effect, a Cause, that cou'd produce it shows.  
Nature and Art indeed have Bounds assign'd,  
And only Form to things, not Being, give,  
That from Omnipotence they must receive :  
But the Eternal Self-existent Mind,  
Can with a single Fiat cause to be

    All, that the wondering Eye surveys,  
    And all, it cannot see.

    Nature may shape a beauteous Tree,  
    And Art a noble Palace raise,  
But must not to Creative Pow'r aspire ;  
    That their great God alone can claim,  
As Pre-existing Substance doth require ;  
So where they nothing find, can nothing Frame.

*Wisdom.*

IV.

Matter produc'd had still a Chaos been,  
For Jarring Elements engag'd,  
Eternal Battles wou'd have wag'd,  
And fill'd with endless Horrour the Tumultuous  
[Scene;  
If Wisdom Infinite, for less  
Cou'd not the vast prodigious Embrio weild,  
Or Strength compleat to labouring Nature yield,  
Had not with actual Address  
Compos'd the bellowing Hurry, and establish'd  
[Peace.  
Whate'er this visible Creation shows  
That's lovely, uniform and bright,  
That guilds the Morning, or adorns the Night,  
To her its Eminence and Beauty owes.  
By her all Creatures have their Ends assign'd,  
Proportion'd to their Nature, and their Kind ;  
To which they steadily advance,  
Mov'd by Right-Reason's high Command,  
Or guided by the secret Hand  
Of real Instinct, not imaginary Chance.  
Nothing,

138      *Upon the Divine Attributes.*

Nothing, but Men, rejects her sacred Rules,  
Who from the End of their Creation fly,  
And deviate into Misery:  
As if the liberty to act like Fools  
Were the chief cause, that Heaven made 'em free.

*Providence.*

V.

Bold is the Wretch, and blasphemous the Man,  
Who, Finite, will attempt to Scan  
The Works of him that's infinitely Wise,  
And those he cannot comprehend, denies ;  
As if a space Immense were measurable by a Span.  
Thus the proud Sceptick will not own  
That Providence the World directs,  
Or its Affairs inspects,  
But leaves it to it self alone.

How does it with Almighty Grandure suit,  
To be concern'd with our Impertinence ;  
Or interpose his Pow'r for the defence  
Of a poor Mortal, or a senseless Brute ?

Villains



Villains cou'd never so successful prove,  
And unmolested in those pleasures live,

Which honour, ease, and affluence give :  
While such as Heav'n adore, and Virtue love,  
And most the care of Providence deserve,  
Oppress'd with Pain, and Ignominy starve.

What Reason can the wisest shew,  
Why Murder does unpunish'd go?

If the most High, that's Just and Good,  
Intends and Governs all below ;

And yet regards not the loud Cries of guiltless Blood,

But shall we things unsearchable deny,

Because our Reason cannot tell us why

They are allow'd, or acted by the Deity ?

'Tis equally above the reach of Thought

To comprehend, how Matter should be brought

From nothing, as Existent be

From all Eternity.

And yet that Matter is, we feel, and see,

Nor is it easier to define

What Ligatures the Soul and Body join :

140 *Upon the Divine Attributes.*

Or how the Mem'ry does the Impression take  
Of things, and to the Mind restores 'em back.

VI.

Did not th' Almighty, with immediate Care,  
Direct and Govern this capacious All,  
How soon wou'd things into Confusion fall ;  
Earthquakes the trembling Ground wou'd tear,  
And blazing Comets rule the troubled Air.  
Wide Inundations with resistless force

The lower Provinces o'erflow,  
In spite of all that human Strength cou'd do,  
To stop a raging Sea's impetuous Course :  
Murder and Rapine ev'ry place wou'd fill,  
And sinking Virtue stoop to prosperous Ill.

Devouring Pestilences rave,  
And all that part of Nature which has Breath,  
Deliver to the Tyranny of Death.

And hurry to the Dungeons of the Grave,  
If watchful Providence were not concern'd to save,  
Let the brave Soldier speak, who oft has been  
In dreadful Sieges, and fierce Battles seen ;

How

How he's preserv'd, when Bombs, and Bullets fly  
So thick, that scarce one inch of Air is free ;  
And tho' he does ten Thousand see  
Fall at his Feet, and in a moment die,  
Unhurt retreats, or gains unhurt the Victory.

Let the poor Ship-wreck'd Saylor show,  
To what invisible protecting Pow'r  
He did his Life and Safety owe,  
When the lowd Storm his well-built Vessel tore,  
And half a shatter'd Plank convey'd him to the Shoar.  
Nay, let th' ungrateful Sceptick tell us, how  
His tender Infancy protection found,  
And helpless Childhood was with safety crown'd,  
If he'll no Providence allow ?

When he had nothing but his Nurfes Arms  
To guard him from innumerable fatal Harms.

From Childhood, how to Youth he ran  
Securely, and from thence to Man ?  
How in the Strength and Vigour of his Years,  
The feeble Bark of Life he saves,  
Amidst the fury of Tempestuous Waves,

From

From all the dangers he foresees, or fears;  
 Yet ev'ry hour 'twixt *Sylla* and *Charibdis* fears;  
 If Providence, which can the Seas Command,  
 Held not the Rudder with a steady Hand?

*Omnipresence.*

VII.

'Tis happy for the Sons of Men, that he,  
 Who all Existence out of nothing made,  
 Supports his Creatures by immediate aid;  
 But then this All-intending Deity  
 Must Omnipresent be.

For how shall we, by demonstration, show  
 The Godhead is this moment here;  
 If he's not present ev'ry where;  
 And always so?

What's not perceptible by Sense, may be  
 Ten Thousand Miles remote from me,  
 Unless his Nature is from limitation free.

In vain we for Protection pray;  
 For Benefits receiv'd high Altars raise,  
 And offer up our Hymns and Praise;  
 In vain his Anger dread, or Laws obey.

An



An absent God from Ruin can defend

No more, than can an absent Friend ;

No more is capable to know

How gratefully we make returns,

When the loud Musick sounds, and Victim burns,

Than a poor *Indian* Slave *Mexico*.

If so, 'tis equally in vain,

The Prosperous sings, and wretched mourns ;

He cannot hear the Praise, or mitigate the Pain.

But by what Being is confin'd

The God-head we adore ?

He must have equal, or superiour Pow'r :

If equal only, they each other bind ;

So neither's God, if we define him right,

For neither's Infinite :

But if the other have superiour Might,

Then him, we Worship, can't pretend to be

Omnipotent, and free

From all Restraint, and so no Deity.

If God is limited in Space, his View,

His Knowledge, Pow'r, and Wisdom is so too :

Unless

144      *Upon the Divine Attributes.*

Unless we'll own, that these Perfections are

At all times present ev'ry where ;

Yet he himself not actually there.

Which to suppose, this strange Conclusion brings,  
His Essence, and his Attributes are diff'rent things.

*Immutability.*

VIII.

As the Supreme Omniscient Mind

Is by no Boundaries confin'd,

So Reason must acknowledge him to be

From possible Mutation free ;

For what he is, he was from all Eternity.

Change, whether the Effect of Force, or Will,

Must argue Imperfection still.

But Imperfection in a Deity,

That's absolutely Perfect, cannot be :

Who can compel, without his own consent,

A God to change, that is Omnipotent ?

And ev'ry alteration without Force,

Is for the better, or the worse :

He that is infinitely Wise,

To

To alter for the worse will never chuse,  
That a Depravity of Nature shews;  
And he, in whom all true Perfection lies,  
Cannot by change to greater Excellencies rise.  
If God be mutable, which way, or how  
Shall we demonstrate, that will please him now,  
Which did a thousand Years ago?  
And 'tis impossible to know  
What he forbids, or what he will allow.  
Murder, Inchantment, Lust, and Perjury,  
Did in the foremost Rank of Vices stand,  
Prohibited by an exprefs Command;  
But whether such they still remain to be,  
No Argument will, positively, prove,  
Without immediate notice from above;  
If the Almighty Legislator can  
Be chang'd, like his inconstant Subject Man.  
Uncertain thus what to perform, or shun,  
We all intolerable Hazards run,  
When an eternal Stake is to be lost, or won.

*Justice.*

## IX.

Rejoyce, ye Sons of Piety, and sing  
Loud Hallelujahs to his glorious Name,  
Who was, and will for ever be the same:  
Your grateful Incense to his Temples bring,  
That from the smoaking Altars may arise  
Clouds of Perfumes to the Imperial Skies.

His Promises stand firm to you,  
And endless Joys will be bestow'd,  
As sure, as that there is a God,  
On all who Virtue chuse, and righteous Paths pursue.  
Nor shou'd we more his Menaces distrust,  
For while he is a Deity, he must  
(As infinitely Good) be infinitely Just.  
But does it with a gracious Godhead suit,  
Whose Mercy is his darling Attribute,  
To punish Crimes, that Temporary be,  
And those but trivial Offences too,  
Mere slips of human Nature, small and few,  
With everlasting Misery?



This shocks the Mind, with deep Reflections fraught,  
And Reason bends beneath the pond'rous Thought.

Crimes take their estimate for guilt, and grow  
More heinous still, the more they do incense;

That God, to whom all Creatures owe

Profoundest Reverence.

Tho' as to that degree, they raise

The anger of the Merciful most High,

We have no standard to discern it by,

But the Infliction he on the Offender lays.

So that if endless Punishment on all

ue. Our unrepented Sins must fall,

None, not the least, can be accounted small.

That God is in Perfection Just, must be

Allow'd by all, that own a Deity:

If so, from Equity he cannot swerve,

Nor punish Sinners, more than they deserve.

His Will Reveal'd, is both express and clear,

"Ye Cursed of my Father, go

"To everlasting Woe;

Everlasting means Eternal here.

148      *Upon the Divine Attributes.*

Duration absolutely without end,  
 Against which Sense some zealously contend,  
 That when apply'd to Pains, it only means,  
     They shall ten Thousand Ages last,  
 Ten Thousand more, perhaps, when they are past,  
 But not Eternal in a literal Sense;  
 Yet own the Pleasures of the Just remain,  
 So long as there's a God exists to Reign.  
 Tho' none can give a solid Reason, why  
     The word Eternity,  
 To Hev'n and Hell indifferently joyn'd,  
 Shou'd carry Senses of a different kind;  
 And 'tis a sad Experiment to try.

*Goodness.*

X.

But if there be one Attribute Divine,  
 With greater Lustre than the rest can shine,  
 'Tis Goodness, which we ev'ry moment see  
 The God-head exercise with such delight,  
     It seems, if only seems, to be  
 The best lov'd Perfection of the Deity,  
     And more than Infinite.

Without

Without that, he cou'd never prove  
A proper Object of our Praise or Love.  
Were he not good, he'd be no more concern'd  
To hear the wretched in Affliction cry,  
Or see the guiltless for the guilty die,  
Than *Nero*, when the flaming City burn'd,  
And weeping *Romans* o'er its Ruins mourn'd.

Eternal Justice then wou'd be

But everlasting Cruelty :

Pow'r unrestrain'd, Almighty Violence,  
And Wisdom unconfin'd, but craft immense,  
'Tis Goodness constitutes him what he is,

And those

Who will deny him this,  
A God without a Deity suppose.

When the lewd Atheist blasphemously Swears

By his tremendous Name,

There is no God, but all's a sham ;

Insipid Tattle, Praise and Prayers ;

Virtue pretence, and all the sacred Rules

Religion teaches, tricks to cully Fools ;

150      *Upon the Divine Attributes.*

Justice wou'd strike th' audacious Villain dead.  
But Mercy boundless saves his guilty Head ;  
Gives him Protection, and allows him Bread.  
Does not the Sinner, whom no danger awes,  
Without restraint his Infamy pursue,  
Rejoyce, and Glory in it too ;  
Laugh at the Pow'r Divine, and ridicule his Laws :  
Labour in Vice his Rivals to excel,  
That when he's dead, they may their Pupils tell  
How wittily the Fool was damn'd, how hard he fell  
Yet this vile Wretch in safety lives,  
Blessings in common with the best receives,  
Tho' He's proud t' affront the God those Blessings  
The chearful Sun his Influence sheds on all, <sup>[gives.</sup>  
Has no respect to good or ill ;  
And fruitful Show'rs without distinction fall,  
Which Fields with Corn, with Grass the Pastures <sup>[fill.</sup>  
The bounteous Hand of Heaven bestows  
Success and Honour many times on those  
Who scorn his Favorites, and caress his Foes.



XI.

To this good God, whom my advent'rous Pen  
Has dar'd to celebrate  
In lofty *Pindar's* Strain;  
Tho' with unequal strength to bear the weight  
Of such a pond'rous Theam, so infinitely Great:  
To this good God, Celestial Spirits pay,  
With Extasie Divine, incessant Praise,  
While on the Glories of his Face they gaze,  
In the bright Regions of Eternal Day.  
To him each Rational Existence here,  
Whose Breast one spark of Gratitude contains,  
In whom there are the least remains  
Of Piety or Fear,  
His tribute brings of joyful Sacrifice,  
For Pardon prays, and for Protection flies,  
Nay, the inanimate Creation give,  
By prompt Obedience to his Word,  
Instinctive Honour to their Lord;  
And shame the thinking World, who in Rebellion  
[live,

With Heav'n and Earth then, O my Soul, unite,  
 And the great God of both adore, and bless,  
 Who gives thee Competence, Content and Peace,  
 The only Fountains of sincere Delight.  
 That from the transitory Joys below,  
 Thou, by a happy Exit, may'st remove  
 To those ineffable above:  
 Which from the Vision of the God-head flow,  
 And neither end, decrease, nor interruption know.

T O H I S

## Friend under Affliction.

**S**INCE the first Man by Disobedience fell  
An easie Conquest to the Pow'rs of Hell,  
There's none, in every Stage of Life, can be  
From the Insults of bold Affliction free.  
If a short respite gives us some Relief,  
And interrupts the Series of our Grief,  
So quick the Pangs of Misery return,  
We Joy by minutes, but by years we Mourn.

Reason refin'd, and to perfection brought,  
By wise Philosophy, and serious Thought,  
Supports the Soul beneath the pond'rous Weight  
Of angry Stars, and impropitious Fate.

Then is the time she shou'd exert her Pow'r,  
And make us practice what she taught before.

For why are such Volum'nous Authors read,  
The learned Labours of the famous Dead,

But

154    *To his Friend under Affliction.*

But to prepare the Mind for its defence,  
By sage Results, and well-digested Sense;  
That when the Storm of Misery appears  
With all its real, or fantastick Fears,  
We either may the rousing danger fly,  
Or stem the Tyde before it swells too high.

But tho' the Theory of Wisdom's known  
With ease, what shou'd, and what shou'd not be done:  
Yet all the labour in the Practice lies,  
To be in more than Words, and notion wise.  
The sacred Truths of sound Philosophy  
We study early, but we late apply.  
When stubborn Anguish seizes on the Soul,  
Right-Reason wou'd its haughty Rage controul;  
But if it mayn't be suffer'd, to endure  
The Pain is just, when we reject the Cure.  
For many Men, close observation finds,  
Of copious Learning, and exalted Minds;  
Who tremble at the sight of daring Woes,  
And stop ignobly to the vilest Foes;



As if they understood not how to be  
Or wise, or brave, but in Felicity ;  
And by some Action, servile, or unjust,  
Lay all their former Glories in the Dust.  
For Wisdom first the wretched Mortal flies,  
And leaves him naked to his Enemies.  
So that when most his Prudence shou'd be shown,  
The most imprudent giddy things are done :  
For when the Mind's surrounded with Distress,  
Fear, or Inconstancy, the Judgment press,  
And render it incapable to make  
Wise Resolutions, or good Counsels take.  
Yet there's a steadiness of Soul, and Thought,  
By Reason bred, and by Religion taught,  
Which, like a Rock amidst the stormy Waves,  
Unmov'd remains, and all Affliction braves.

In sharp Misfortunes some will search too deep,  
What Heav'n prohibits, and wou'd secret keep :  
But those Events 'tis better not to know,  
Which known, serve only to increase our Woe.

156 *To his Friend under Affliction.*

Knowledge forbid, 'tis dangerous to pursue,  
With Guilt begins, and ends with Ruin too.  
For had our earliest Parents been content  
Not to know more, than to be Innocent :  
Their ignorance of Evil had preserv'd  
Their Joys intire ; for then they had not swerv'd.  
But they imagin'd, (their desires were such,)  
They knew too little, till they knew too much.  
E'er since by Folly most to Wisdom rise,  
And few are, but by sad Experience, wise.

Consider, Friend ! who all your Blessings gave,  
What are recall'd again, and what you have ;  
And do not murmur, when you are bereft  
Of little, if you have abundance left.  
Consider too, how many Thousands are  
Under the worst of Miseries, Despair !  
And don't repine at what you now endure,  
Custom will give you ease, or time will cure.

Once

*To his Friend under Affliction.* 157

Once more consider, that the present Ill,  
Tho' it be great, may yet be greater still ;  
And be not anxious ; for to undergo  
One grief, is nothing to a numerous Woe.  
But since it is impossible to be  
Human, and not expos'd to Misery,  
Bear it, my Friend, as bravely as you can ;  
You are not more, and be not less than Man !

Afflictions past, can no Existence find,  
But in the wild Ideas of the Mind :  
And why should we for those Misfortunes mourn,  
Which have been suffer'd, and can ne'er return ?  
Those that have weather'd a Tempestuous Night,  
And find a Calm approaching with the Light,  
Will not, unless their Reason they disown,  
Still make those Dangers present, that are gone.  
What is behind the Curtain, none can see ;  
It may be Joy ; suppose it Misery.

'Tis

Once

158 *To his Friend under Affliction.*

'Tis future still, and that, which is not here,  
May never come, or we may never bear.

Therefore the present Ill, alone we ought  
To view, in reason, with a troubled Thought :  
But, if we may the sacred Pages trust,  
He's always Happy, that is always Just.

A D V E R.



## ADVERTISEMENT.

THE occasion of the following Poem was the barbarity of a certain Commander ( *K.* ) in the *Western* Rebellion who debauch'd a young Lady, with a promise to save her Husband's Life, but hang'd him the next Morning.

## Cruelty and Lust.

## An Epistolary ESSAY.

W Here can the wretched'st of all Creatures fly  
To tell the Stories of her Misery?

Where, but to faithful *Celia*, in whose Mind

A manly Brav'ry's with soft pity join'd.

I fear these Lines will scarce be understood,

Blurr'd with incessant Tears, and writ in Blood:

But if you can the mournful Periods read,

The sad Relation shows you such a deed,

As

As all the Annals of th' Infernal Reign  
Shall strive to equal, or exceed, in vain.

*Neronior's* Fame, no doubt has reach'd your Ears,  
Whose Cruelty has caus'd a Sea of Tears :  
Fill'd each lamenting Town with Funeral Sighs,  
Deploring Widows shrieks, and Orphans cries.  
At ev'ry Helth the horrid Monster quaff'd,  
Ten Wretches died, and as they died, he laugh'd :  
Till, tir'd with acting Devil, he was led,  
Drunk with excess of Blood, and Wine, to bed.  
Oh cursed Place ! --- I can no more command  
My Pen, shame and confusion shake my hand :  
But I must on, and let my *Celia* know,  
How barb'rous are my Wrongs, how vast my Woe.

Amongst those Crouds of *Western* Youth, who ran  
To meet the brave, betray'd, unhappy Man,  
My Husband, fatally uniting, went ;  
Unus'd to Arms, and thoughtless of th' Event.  
But when the Battle was by Treach'ry won,  
The chief, and all, but his false Frind, undon :

Tho'

Tho in the Tumult of that desperate Night,  
He 'scap'd the dreadful Slaughter of the Flight,  
Yet the sagacious Blood-hounds, skill'd too well  
In all the murdering Qualities of Hell,  
Each secret Place so regularly beat,  
They soon discover'd his unsafe retreat.  
As hungry Wolves, triumphing o'er their Prey,  
To sure Destruction hurry them away.  
So the Purveyers of fierce *Moloc's* Son,  
With *Charion* to the common Butchery run;  
Where proud *Neronior* by his Gibbets stood  
To glut himself with fresh supplies of Blood.  
Our Friends, by pow'rful Intercession, gain'd  
A short Reprieve, but for three days obtain'd,  
To try all ways might to compassion move  
The Savage General, but in vain they strove.  
When I perceiv'd that all Addresses fail'd,  
And nothing o'er his stubborn Soul prevail'd,  
Distracted almost, to his Tent I flew,  
To make the last Effort, what Tears cou'd do.





And since in Battle you can greater be,  
That over, ben't less merciful than he.  
Ignoble Spirits by Revenge are known,  
And cruel Actions spoil the Conqueror's Crown:  
In future Hist'ries fill each mournful Page  
With Tales of Blood, and Monuments of Rage:  
And while his Annals are with Horror read,  
Men curse him living, and detest him dead,  
Oh, do not fully with a sanguine Dye,  
The foulest Stain, so fair a Memory!  
Then as you'll live the Glory of our Isle,  
And Fate on all your Expeditions smile;  
So when a noble Course, you've bravely ran,  
Die the best Soldier, and the happiest Man.  
None can the Turns of Providence foresee,  
Or what their own Catastrophe may be;  
Therefore to Persons labouring under Woe,  
That Mercy they may want, shou'd always show.  
For in the Chance of War, the slightest thing  
May lose the Battle, or the Vict'ry bring.  
And how wou'd you that General's Honour prize,  
Shou'd in cool Blood his Captive Sacrifice?

He that with Rebel Arms to fight is led,  
To Justice forfeits his opprobrious Head :  
But 'tis unhappy *Charion*'s first Offence,  
Seduc'd by some too plausible Pretence,  
To take the injuring side by error brought ;  
He had no malice, tho' he has the fault.  
Let the old Tempters find a shameful Grave,  
But the half-innocent, the Tempted save.  
Vengeance Divine, tho' for the greatest Crime,  
But rarely strikes the first or second time :  
And he best follows the Almighty's Will,  
Who spares the guilty, he has Pow'r to kill.  
When proud Rebellions wou'd unhinge a State,  
And wild Disorders in a Land create,  
'Tis requisite, the first Promoters shou'd  
Put out the Flames, they kindled, with their Blood :  
But sure 'tis a degree of Murder, all  
That draw their Swords, should undistinguish'd fall.  
And since a Mercy must to some be shown,  
Let *Charion* 'mongst the happy few be one :

For as none guilty has less guilt than he,  
So none for Pardon has a fairer Plea,

When *David's* General had won the Field  
And *Absalom*, the lov'd ungrateful, kill'd,  
The Trumpets sounding made all Slaughters cease,  
And mis-led *Israelites* return'd in peace.  
The Action pass'd, where so much Blood was spilt,  
We hear of none Araign'd for that day's Guilt ;  
But all concludes with the desir'd Event,  
The Monarch Pardons, and the *Jews* Repent.

As great Examples your high Courage warms,  
And to illustrious Deeds excites your Arms :  
So when you instances of Mercy view,  
They shou'd inspire you with Compassion too :  
For he that emulates the truly Brave,  
Wou'd always Conquer, and shou'd always Save.

Here interrupting, stern *Neronior* cry'd,  
(Swell'd with Success, and blubber'd up with Pride,)  
Madam, his Life depends upon my Will,  
For ev'ry Rebel I can spare, or kill :

I'll think of what you've said, this Night return  
At Ten, perhaps you'll have no cause to mourn.  
Go see your Husband, bid him not despair ;  
His Crime is great, but you are wond'rous Fair.

When anxious Miseries the Soul amaze,  
And dire Confusions in our Spirits raise ;  
Upon the least appearance of Relief  
Our hopes revive, and mitigate our grief.  
Impatience makes our Wishes earnest grow,  
Which thro' false Opticks our Deliverance show.  
For while we fancy danger does appear  
Most at a distance, it is oft too near :  
And many times secure from obvious Foes,  
We fall into an Ambuscade of Woes.

Pleas'd with the false *Neronior's* dark Reply,  
I thought the end of all my Sorrows nigh ;  
And to the Main-guard hasten'd, where the prey  
Of this Blood-thirsty Fiend in durance lay.  
When *Charion* saw me, from his turfy Bed  
With eagerness he rais'd his drooping Head.

Oh,



Oh, fly my Dear, this guilty place, he cry'd,  
And in some distant Clime thy Virtue hide !  
Here nothing but the foulest Dæmons dwell,  
The Refuse of the Damn'd, and Mob of Hell;  
The Air, they breath, is ev'ry Atome curst,  
There's no degrees of Ill, for all are worst,  
In Rapes, and Murders they alone delight,  
And Villanies of less importance flight :  
Act 'em indeed, but scorn they shou'd be nam'd,  
For all their Glory's to be more than damn'd,  
*Neronior's* Chief of this Infernal Crew,  
And seems to merit that high Station too,  
Nothing but Rage, and Lust inspire his Breast,  
By *Asmodai*, and *Moloch* both possess'd.  
When told you went to intercede for me,  
It threw my Soul into an Agony.  
Not that I wou'd not for my freedom give  
What's requisite, or do not wish to live :  
But for my safety I can ne'er be base,  
Or buy a few short years with long Disgrace.  
Nor wou'd I have your yet unspotted Fame  
For me expos'd to an eternal Shame.

Oh,

With Ignominy to preserve my Breath,  
Is worse, by infinite Degrees, than Death :  
But if I can't my Life with honour save,  
With honour I'll descend into the Grave.  
For tho' Revenge and Malice both combine,  
(As both to fix my Ruin seem to join,)  
Yet maugre all their violence and skill,  
I can die Just, and I'm resolv'd I will.

But what is Death, we so unwisely fear?  
An end of all our busie Tumults here :  
The equal lot of Poverty and State,  
Which all partake of by a certain Fate.  
Whoe'er the Prospect of Mankind surveys,  
At divers Ages, and by divers ways,  
Will find 'em from this noisy Scene retire,  
Some the first minute that they breath, expire.  
Others perhaps survive to talk, and go,  
But die, before they Good or evil know.  
Here one to Puberty arrives, and then  
Returns lamented to the Dust again :

Another

Another there maintains a longer strife  
With all the powerful Enemies of Life;  
'Till with vexation tir'd, and threescore Years,  
He droops into the dark, and disappears.  
I'm young indeed, and might expect to see  
Times future long, and late Posterity.  
'Tis what with reason I shou'd wish to do,  
If to be Old, were to be Happy too.  
But since substantial Grief so soon destroys  
The gust of all imaginary Joys,  
Who wou'd be too importunate to live,  
Or more for Life, than it can merit, give,

Beyond the Grave stupendious Regions lie,  
The boundless Realms of vast Eternity;  
Where Minds, remov'd from Earthly Bodies dwell;  
But who their Government, or Laws can tell?  
What's their Employment till the final Doom,  
And Time's eternal Period shall come?  
Thus much the sacred Oracles declare,  
That all are blest, or miserable there:

Tho'

Tho' if there's such variety of Fate,  
None good expire too soon, none bad too late.  
For my own part, with Resignation still  
I can submit to my Creator's Will:  
Let him recal the Breath, from him I drew,  
When he thinks fit, and when he pleases too.  
The way of Dying is my least Concern,  
That will give no disturbance to my Urn :  
If to the Seats of Happiness I go,  
There end all possible Returns of Woe :  
And when to those blest Mansions I arive,  
With pity I'll look down on those survive.  
Once more I beg, you'd from these Tents retreat,  
And leave me to my Innocence, and Fate.

*Charion*, said I, Oh, do not urge my flight !  
I'll see th' Event of this important Night :  
Some strange Presages in my Soul forebode  
The worst of Miseries, or the greatest Good.  
Few hours will show the utmost of my Doom,  
A joyful Safety, or a peaceful Tomb.



If you miscarry, I'm resolv'd to try,  
If gracious Heav'n will suffer me to die :  
For when you are, endless Raptures gone,  
If I survive, 'tis but to be undone.  
Who will support an injur'd Widow's Right,  
From sly Injustice, or oppressive Might ?  
Protect her Person, or her Cause defend ?  
She rarely wants a Foe, or finds a Friend.  
I've no distrust of Providence, but still  
'Tis best to be beyond the reach of Ill :  
And those can have no reason to repent,  
Who tho' they die betimes, die innocent.  
But to a World of everlasting Bliss  
Why wou'd you go, and leave me here in this ?  
'Tis a dark Passage, but our Foes shall view,  
I'll die as calm, tho' not so brave as you :  
That my behaviour to the last may prove,  
Your Courage is not greater than my Love.  
The hour approach'd, as to *Neronior's* Tent  
With trembling, but impatient, steps I went,  
A thousand Horrors throng'd into my Breast,  
By sad Ideas, and strong Fears possess.

Where-

Where-e'er I pass'd, the glaring Lights wou'd show  
Fresh Objects of Despair, and Scenes of Woe.

Here, in a Croud of Drunken Soldiers, stood  
A wretched, poor old Man, besmear'd with Blood,  
And at his Feet, just thro' the Body run,  
Struggling for Life, was laid his only Son;  
By whose hard Labour he was daily fed,  
Dividing still with pious Care, his Bread.  
And while he mourn'd with Floods of aged Tears,  
The sole Support of his decrepid Years,  
The barb'rous Mob, whose rage no limit knows,  
With blasphemous Derision mock'd his Woes.

There under a wide Oak, disconsolate,  
And drown'd in Tears, a mournful Widow sat.  
High in the Boughs the murder'd Father hung;  
Beneath, the Children round their Mother clung;  
They cry'd for Food, but 'twas without Relief;  
For all they had to live upon, was Grief:  
A Sorrow so intense, such deep Despair,  
No Creature merely Human long cou'd bear.

First in her Arms her weeping Babes she took,  
And with a groan, did to her Husband look!  
Then lean'd her Head on theirs, and sighing cry'd,  
Pity me, Saviour of the World! and died.

From this sad Spectacle my Eyes I turn'd,  
Where Sons their Fathers, Maids their Lovers  
[mourn'd ;  
Friends for their Friends, Sisters for Brothers wept;  
Pris'ners of War in Chains, for slaughter kept.  
Each ev'ry hour did the black Message dread,  
Which shou'd declare, the Person lov'd was dead.  
Then I beheld, with brutal Shouts of Mirth,  
A comely Youth, and of no common Birth,  
To Execution led, who hardly bore  
The Wounds in Battle, he receiv'd before ;  
And as he pass'd, I heard him bravely cry,  
I neither wish to live, nor fear to die.

At the curst Tent arriv'd, without delay  
They did me to the General convey ;

Who

Who thus began ;  
Madam ! by fresh Intelligence I find,  
That *Charion's* Treason's of the blackest kind ;  
And my Commission is exprefs to spare  
None, that fo deep in Rebellion are.  
New Measures therefore 'tis in vain to try,  
No Pardon can be granted, he muft die.  
Muft, or I hazard all, which yet I'd do,  
To be oblig'd in one Request by you,  
And maugre all the dangers I forefee :  
Be mine this Night, I'll fet your Husband free.  
Soldiers are rough, and cannot hope fuccels  
By fupple Flatt'ry, and by foft Address ;  
The pert, gay Cocks-comb by thofe little Arts,  
Gains an Afcendant o'er the Ladies Hearts,  
But I can no fuch whining methods ufe ;  
Conferment, he lives ; he dies, if you refufe.

Amaz'd at this demand, faid I, the Brave,  
Upon ignoble Terms, difdain to fave,  
They let their Captives ftill with Honour live ;  
Nor more require, than what themfelves wou'd give:

For



For generous Victors, as they scorn to do  
Dishonest Things, scorn to propose 'em too.  
Mercy, the brightest Virtue of the Mind,  
Shou'd with no devious Appetite be join'd :  
For if when exercis'd, a crime it cost,  
Th' intrinsick Lustre of the Deed is lost.  
Great Men their Actions of a piece shou'd have,  
Heroick all, and each intirely Brave :  
From the nice Rules of Honour none shou'd swerve,  
Done because good, without a mean reserve.

The Crimes, new charg'd on the unhappy Youth,  
May have Revenge, and Malice, but no Truth.  
Suppose the Accusation justly brought,  
And clearly prov'd to the minute'st fau't,  
Yet Mercy's next to infinite abate  
Offences, next to infinitely Great :  
And 'tis the Glory of a noble Mind,  
In full Forgiveness not to be Confin'd.  
Your Prince's Frowns, if you have cause to fear,  
This Act will more Illustrious appear :

Tho'

Tho' his excuse can never be withstood,  
Who disobey, but only to be good.  
Perhaps the hazard's more than you express;  
The Glory wou'd be, were the danger less.  
For he, that to his puejudice will do  
A noble Action, and a generous too,  
Deserves to wear a more resplendent Crown,  
Than he that has a thousand Battles won.  
Do not invert Divine Compassion so,  
As to be Cruel, or no Mercy show!  
Of what Renown can such an Action be,  
Which saves my Husband's Life, but Ruins me?  
Tho' if you finally resolve to stand  
Upon so vile, inglorious a Demand,  
He must submit; if 'tis my fate, to mourn  
His Death, I'll bath with virtuous Tears his Urn.

Well, Madam, haughtily *Neronior* cry'd,  
Your Courage and your Virtue shall be try'd:  
But to prevent all prospect of a flight,  
Some of my Lambs shall be your guard to Night.

By them, no doubt, you'll tenderly be us'd,  
They seldom ask a Favour, that's refus'd:  
Perhaps you'll find them so genteely Bred,  
They'll leave you but few virtuous Tears to shed.  
Surrounded with so innocent a Throng,  
The Night must pass delightfully along:  
And in the Morning, since you will not give  
What I require, to let your Husband live,  
You shall behold him sigh his latest Breath,  
And gently swing into the Arms of Death.  
His Fate he merits, as to Rebels due,  
And yours will be as much deserv'd by you.

Oh, *Celia*, think! so far as Thought can show,  
What Pangs of Grief, what Agonies of Woe,  
At this dire Resolution seiz'd my Breast!  
By all things sad, and terrible possess.  
In vain I wept, and 'twas in vain I pray'd,  
For all my Pray'rs were to a Tyger made;  
A Tyger! worse; for 'tis beyond dispute,  
No Fiend's so cruel as a Reasoning Brute.

Encompass'd thus, and hopeless of Relief,  
With all the Squadrons of Despair and Grief:  
Ruin it was not possible to shun,  
What cou'd I do, O! What wou'd you have done?

The hours, that pass'd, till the black Morn return'd,  
With Tears of Blood should be for ever mourn'd.  
When to involve me with consummate Grief,  
Beyond Expression, and above Belief,  
Madam, the Monster cry'd, that you may find  
I can be grateful to the Fair that's kind,  
Step to the Door, I'll show you such a Sight,  
Shall over-whelm your Spirits with Delight.

Does not that Wretch who wou'd Dethrone his King,  
Become the Gibbet, and adorn the String?

You need not now an injur'd Husband dread,  
Living he might, he'll not upbraid you dead.

'Twas for your sake, I seiz'd upon his Life,  
He wou'd perhaps have scorn'd so Chast a Wife:  
And, Madam, you'l excuse the Zeal I show,  
To keep that Secret, none alive should know.



Curst of all Creatures, for compar'd with thee,  
The Devils, said I, are dull in Cruelty.  
O may that Tongue eternal Vipers breed,  
And, wastless, their eternal Hunger feed,  
In Fires too hot for *Salamanders* dwell,  
The burning Earnest of a hotter Hell.  
May that vile Lump of execrable Lust  
Corrupt alive, and rot into the Dust.  
May'st thou Despairing at the Point of Death,  
With Oaths and Blasphemies resign thy Breath ;  
And the worst of Torments that the Damn'd shou'd  
[share,  
In thine own Person all united bear.

O *Celia*, O my Friend ! what Age can show  
Sorrows like mine, so exquisite a Woe ?  
Indeed it does not infinite appear,  
Because it can't be everlasting here ;  
But 'tis so vast, that it can ne'er increase,  
And so confirm'd, it never can be less,

ON THE  
MARRIAGE  
OF THE  
Earl of A---  
WITH THE  
Countess of S---.

**T**riumphant Beauty never looks so Gay,  
As on the Morning of a Nuptial Day.  
Love then within a larger Circle moves,  
New Graces adds, and ev'ry Charm improves ;  
While *Hymen* does his sacred Rites prepare,  
The buify Nymphs attend the trembling Fair ;  
Whose Veins are swelled with an unusual Heat,  
And eager Pulses with strange Motions beat ;

Alter-

*On the Marriage of the Earl of A---.* 181

Alternate Passions various Thoughts impart,  
And painful Joys distend her throbbing Heart ;  
Her Fears are great, and her Desires are strong,  
The Minutes fly too fast,---yet stay too long :

Now She is Ready,--- the Next Moment not :  
All things are done,--- then something is forgot :  
She fears,--- yet wishes the strange Work were done :  
Delays, --- yet is impatient to be gone :  
Disorders thus from ev'ry Thought arise,  
What Love perswades, I know not what denies.

*Achates* Choice does his firm Judgment prove,  
And shows at once he can be wife and Love ;  
Because it from no spurious Passion came,  
But was the Product of a noble Flame :  
Bold without Rudeness, without Blazing Bright,  
Pure as fixt Star, and Uncorrupt as Light ;  
By just Degrees it to Perfection grew,  
An early Ripeness, but a lasting too.  
So the bright Sun ascending to his Noon.  
Moves not too slowly, nor is there too soon,

But

But tho' *Achates* was unkindly driv'n  
 From his own Land, he's Banish'd into Heaven;  
 For sure the Raptures of *Cosmelia's* Love  
 Are next, if only next, to Those Above:  
 Thus Pow'r Divine does with his Foes engage,  
 Rewards his Vertues, and defeats their Rage;  
 For first it did to fair *Cosmelia* give  
 All that a Humane Creature could receive:  
 Whate'er can raise our Wonder or Delight,  
 Transport the Soul, or gratify the Sight,  
 Then in the full Perfection of her Charms,  
 Lodg'd the bright Virgin in *Achates* Arms,

What Angels are, is in *Cosmelia* seen,  
 Their Awful Glories, and their God-like Mein;  
 For in her Aspect all the Graces meet,  
 All that is noble, Beautiful, or Sweet;  
 There ev'ry Charm in lofty Triumph sits,  
 Scorns poor Defect, and to no Fault submits;  
 There Symetry, Complexion, Air, unite,  
 Sublimely Noble, and Amazing Bright.



So, newly finisht by the Hand Divine  
Before her Fall, did the first Woman shine:  
But *Eve* in one great Point she does excel;  
*Cosmelia* never err'd at all, she fell.  
From her, Temptation in Despair withdrew,  
Nor more assaults, whom it could ne'er subdue.

Vertue confirm'd, and regularly brought  
To full Maturity by serious Thought,  
Her Actions with a watchful Eye surveys,  
Each Passion guides, and ev'ry Motion sways:  
Not the least Failure in her Conduct lies,  
So gayly Modest, and so freely Wife.

Her Judgment sure, impartial, and refin'd,  
With Wit that's clear, and penetrating joyn'd,  
O'er all the Efforts of her Mind presides,  
And to the Noblest End her Labours guides:  
She knows the best, and does the best pursue,  
And treads the Maze of Life without a Clew;  
That the Weak only and the Wav'ring lack,  
When they're mistaken, to conduct 'em back:

184 *On the Marriage of the Earl of A---*

She does amidst ten thousand Ways prefer  
The Right, as if not capable to err.

Her Fancy strong, vivacious, and Sublime;  
Seldom betrays her Converse to a Crime;  
And tho' it moves with a Luxuriant Heat,  
'Tis ne'er precipitous, but always Great:  
For each Expression, ev'ry teeming Thought,  
Is to the scanning of her Judgment brought;  
Which wisely separates the finest Gold,  
And casts the Image in a beaut'ous Mold.

No trifling Words debase her Eloquence,  
But all's Pathetick, all is Stirling Sense,  
Refin'd from Drossy Chat, and Idle Noise,  
With which the Female Conversation cloy;  
So well she knows what's understood by few,  
To time her Thoughts, and to express 'em too;  
That what she speaks does to the Soul transmit  
The fair Ideas of delightful Wit.

Illustrious

Illustrious Born, and as Illustrious Bred,  
By great Example to wise Actions led;  
Much to the Fame her Lineal Heroes bore  
She owes, but to her own high Genius more;  
And, by a noble Emulation mov'd,  
Excell'd their Virtues, and her own Improv'd,  
Till they arriv'd to that Celestial Height,  
Scarce Angels Greater be, or Saints so bright.

But if *Cosmelia* could yet Lovelier be,  
Of Nobler Birth, or more a Deity,  
*Achates* merits Her, tho' none but He,  
Whose Gen'rous Soul abhors a base Disguise,  
Resolv'd in Action, and in Counsel Wise:  
Too well confirm'd and fortified within,  
For Threats to force, or Flattery to win,  
Unmov'd amidst the Hurricane he stood,  
He dare be guiltless, and he will be good,

Since the first Pair in Paradise were join'd,  
Two Hearts were ne'er so Happily combin'd.

*Achates*

186 *On the Marriage of the Earl of A---, &c.*

*Achates* Life to fair *Cosmelia* gives,

In fair *Cosmelia* Great *Achates* lives :

Each is to other the Divineſt Blifs ;

He is Her Heaven, and She is more than His.

O may the kindeſt Influence Above

Protect their Perſons, and Indulge their Love.



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**F I N I S.**



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